PARSONS's EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH CLASSICS.

BONNELL THORNTON ESQR.

Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, Feb. 22. 1794.

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Parsons's Select

British Classics,

a well chosen Collection of

CLASSICAL ESSAYS,

VOL: XIV.

The CONNOISSEUR,

VOL: I.

LONDON.

Printed for J. Parsons No. 21, Paternoster Row.

THE

CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

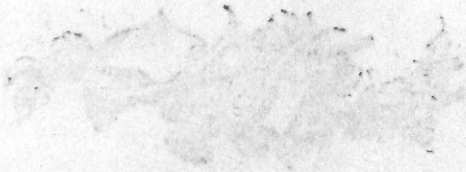
——Non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne lepos ſaltet; ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus.—— Hor.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Parsons, No. 21, Paternoſter-Row.

1793.



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THE

THE CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

No. I. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1754.

——————Ordine gentis
Mores, et ſtudia, et populos, et prælia dicam. VIRG.

Their ſtudies and purſuits in order ſhewn,
'Tis mine to mark the manners of THE TOWN.

AS I have aſſumed the character of CENSOR-GENERAL, I ſhall follow the example of the old Roman cenſor; the firſt part of whoſe duty was to review the people, and diſtribute them into their ſeveral diviſions. I ſhall therefore enter upon my office, by taking a curſory ſurvey of what is uſually called The TOWN. In this I ſhall not confine myſelf to the exact method of a geographer, but carry the reader from one quarrer to another, as it may ſuit my convenience, or beſt contribute to his entertainment.

When a comedian, celebrated for his excellence in the part of Shylock, firſt undertook that character, he made daily viſits to the center of buſineſs, the 'Change and the adjacent coffee-houſes; that by a frequent intercourſe and converſation with "the unforeſkinn'd race," he might,

habituate himſelf to their air and deportment. A like deſire of penetrating into the moſt ſecret ſprings of action in theſe people has often led me there; but I was never more diverted than at Garraway's a few days before the drawing of the lottery. I not only could read hope, fear, and all the various paſſions excited by a love of gain, ſtrongly pictured in the faces of thoſe who came to buy, but I remarked with no leſs delight, the many little artifices made uſe of to allure adventurers, as well as the viſible alterations in the looks of the ſellers, according as the demand for tickets gave occaſion to raiſe or lower their price. So deeply were the countenances of theſe bubble-brokers impreſſed with an attention to the main chance, and their minds ſeemed ſo dead to all other ſenſations, that one might almoſt doubt, where money is out of the caſe, whether a Jew "has eyes, hands, organs, di-"menſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions."

From Garraway's it is but a ſhort ſtep to a gloomy claſs of mortals, not leſs intent on gain than the ſtock-jobber: I mean the diſpenſers of life and death, who flock together, like birds of prey watching for carcaſes, at Batſon's. I never enter this place, but it ſerves as a *memento mori* to me. What a formal aſſemblage of ſable ſuits, and tremendous perukes! I have often met here a moſt intimate acquaintance, whom I have ſcarce known again; a ſprightly young fellow, with whom I have ſpent many a jolly hour; but being juſt dubbed a graduate in phyſic, he has gained ſuch an entire conqueſt over the riſible muſcles, that he hardly vouchſafes at any time to ſmile. I have heard him harangue, with all the oracular importance of a veteran, on the poſſibility of Canning's ſubſiſting for a whole month on a few bits of bread; and he is now preparing a treatiſe, in which will be ſet forth a new and infallible method to prevent the ſpreading of the plague from France into England. Batſon's has been reckoned the ſeat of ſolemn ſtupidity: yet is it not totally devoid of taſte and common ſenſe. They have among them phyſicians, who can cope with the moſt eminent lawyers or divines; and critics, who can reliſh the ſal volatile of a

witty

witty compoſition, or determine how much fire is requiſite to ſublimate a tragedy *ſecundem artem.*

Emerging from theſe diſmal regions, I am glad to breathe the pure air in St. Paul's coffee houſe: where (as I profeſs the higheſt veneration for our clergy) I cannot contemplate the magnificence of the cathedral without reflecting on the abject condition of thoſe "tattered crapes," who are ſaid to ply here for an occaſional burial or ſermon, with the ſame regularity as the happier drudges, who ſalute us with the cry of "coach, ſir," or "chair "your honour."

And here my publiſher would not forgive me, was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the Chapter coffee-houſe, which is frequented by thoſe encouragers of literature, and (as they are ſtiled by an eminent critic) "not the worſt judges of merit, the bookſel-"lers." The converſation here naturally turns upon the neweſt publications; but their criticiſms are ſomewhat ſingular. When they ſay a *good* book, they do not mean to praiſe the ſtile or ſentiment, but the quick and extenſive ſale of it. That book in the phraſe of the Conger is beſt, which ſells moſt: and if the demand for Quarles ſhould be greater than for Pope, he would have the higheſt place on the rubric-poſt. There are alſo many parts of every work liable to their remarks, which fall not within the notice of leſs accurate obſervers. A few nights ago I ſaw one of theſe gentlemen take up a ſermon, and after ſeeming to peruſe it for ſome time with great attention, he declared, "it was very good *Engliſh.*" The reader will judge whether I was moſt ſurpriſed or diverted, when I diſcovered, that he was not commending the purity and elegance of the diction, but the beauty of the type; which, it ſeems, is known among the printers by that appellation. We muſt not, however, think the members of the Conger ſtrangers to the deeper parts of literature; for as carpenters, ſmiths, maſons, and all mechanics ſmell of the trade they labour at, bookſellers take a peculiar turn from their connexions with books and authors. The character of the bookſeller is commonly formed on the writers in his ſervice. Thus one is a poli-

tician or a deiſt; another affects humour, or aims at turns of wit and repartee; while a third perhaps is grave, moral, and ſententious.

The Temple is the barrier, that divides the city and ſuburbs: and the gentlemen who reſide there, ſeem influenced by the ſituation of the place they inhabit. Templars are, in general, a kind of citizen-courtiers. They aim at the air and mien of the drawing-room; but the holyday ſmartneſs of a prentice, heightened with ſome additional touches of the rake or coxcomb, betrays itſelf in every thing they do. The Temple, however, is ſtocked with it's peculiar beaux, wits, poets, critics, and every character in the gay world: and it is a thouſand pities, that ſo pretty a ſociety ſhould be diſgraced with a few dull fellows, who can ſubmit to puzzle themſelves with caſes and reports, and have not taſte enough to follow the genteel method of ſtudying the law.

I ſhall now, like a true ſtudent of the Temple, hurry from thence to Covent-Garden, the acknowledged region of gallantry, wit, and criticiſm; and hope to be excuſed for not ſtopping at George's in my way, as the Bedford affords a greater variety of nearly the ſame characters. This coffee-houſe is every night crouded with men of parts. Almoſt every one you meet is a polite ſcholar and a wit. Jokes and *bon mots* are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the preſs, or performance at the theatres, weighed and determined. This ſchool (to which I am myſelf indebted for a great part of my education, and in which, though unworthy, I am now arrived at the honour of being a public lecturer) has bred up many authors, to the amazing entertainment and inſtruction of their readers. Button's, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addiſon, Steele, Pope, and the reſt of that celebrated ſet, who flouriſhed at the beginning of this century; and was regarded with juſt deference on account of the real geniuſſes who frequented it. But we can now boaſt men of ſuperior abilities; men, who without any one acquired excellence, by the mere dint of an happy aſſurance, can exact the ſame tribute of veneration,

veneration, and receive it as due to the illuſtrious characters, the ſcribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make ſo large a part of the company at the Bedford.

I ſhall now take leave of Covent-Garden, and deſire the reader's company to White's. Here (as Vanbrugh ſays of Locket's) he may have a diſh no bigger than a "ſaucer, that ſhall coſt him fifty ſhillings." The great people, who frequent this place, do not interrupt their politer amuſements, like the wretches at Garraway's, with buſineſs, any farther than to go down to Weſtminſter one ſeſſions to vote for a bill, and the next to repeal it. Nor do they trouble themſelves with literary debates, as at the Bedford. Learning is beneath the notice of a man of quality. They employ themſelves more faſhionable at whiſt for the trifle of a thouſand pounds the rubber, or by making bets on the lye of the day.

From this very genteel place the reader muſt not be ſurpriſed, if I ſhould convey him to a cellar, or a common porter-houſe. For as it is my province to delineate and remark on mankind in general, whoever becomes my diſciple muſt not refuſe to follow me to the Star and Garter, to the Gooſe and Gridiron, and be content to climb after me up to an author's garret, or give me leave to introduce him to a route. In my preſent curſory view of the Town I have, indeed, confined myſelf principally to coffee-houſes; though I conſtantly viſit all places, that afford any matter for ſpeculation. I am a Scotchman at Foreſt's, a Frenchman at Slaughter's, and at the Cocoa-Tree I am ——an Engliſhman. At the Robin-Hood I am a politician, a logician, a geometrician, a phyſician, a metaphyſician, a caſuiſt, a moraliſt, a theologiſt, a mythologiſt, or any thing——but an atheiſt. Wherever the World is, I am. You will therefore hear of me ſometimes at the theatres, ſometimes perhaps at the opera: nor ſhall I think the exhibitions of Sadler's Wells, or the Little Theatre in the Haymarket beneath my notice; but may one day or other give a diſſertation upon tumbling, or (if they ſhould again become popular) a critique on dogs and monkeys.

Though the Town is the walk I ſhall generally appear

pear in, let it not be imagined, that vice and folly will ſhoot up unnoticed in the country. My couſin Village has undertaken that province, and will ſend me the freſheſt advices of every fault or foible that takes root there. But as it is my chief ambition to pleaſe and inſtruct the ladies, I ſhall embrace every opportunity of devoting my labours to their ſervice; and I may with juſtice congratulate myſelf upon the happineſs of living in an age, when the female part of the world are ſo ſtudious to find employment for a Cenſor.

The character of Mr. Town is, I flatter myſelf, too well known to need an explanation. How far, and in what ſenſe, I propoſe to be a Connoiſſeur, the reader will gather from my general motto:

——"Non de villis domibuſve alienis,
"Nec malè necne Lepos ſaltet; ſed quod magis ad nos
"Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus." HOR.

"Who better knows to build, and who to dance,
"Or this from Italy, or that from France,
"Our Connoiſſeur will ne'er pretend to ſcan,
"But point the follies of mankind to man.
"Th' important knowledge of ourſelves explain,
"Which not to know all knowledge is but vain."

As Critic and Cenſor-General, I ſhall take the liberty to animadvert on every thing that appears to me vicious or ridiculous; always endeavouring "to hold, as it were, "the mirrour up to Nature, to ſhew Virtue her own fea- "ture, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body "of the Time his form and preſſure."

T

No. II. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1754.

——— Commiſſa quod auctio vendit
Stantibus, oenophorum, tripodes, armaria, ciſtas. Juv.

Maim'd ſtatues, ruſty medals, marbles old,
By Sloane collected, or by Langford ſold."

I HAVE already received letters from ſeveral Virtuoſi, expreſſing their aſtoniſhment and concern at my diſappointing the warm hopes they had conceived of my undertaking from the title of my paper. They tell me, that by deſerting the paths of *Virtù*, I at once neglect the public intereſt and my own; that by ſupporting the character of a Connoiſſeur in its uſual ſenſe, I might have obtained very conſiderable ſalaries from the principal auction-rooms, toy-ſhops, and repoſitories; and might beſides very plauſibly have recommended myſelf as the propereſt perſon in the world, to be keeper of Sir Hans Sloane's Muſeum.

I cannot be inſenſible of the importance of this capital buſineſs of taſte, and how much reputation as well as profit would accrue to my labours, by confining them to the minuteſt reſearches into nature and art, and poring over the ruſt of antiquity. I very well know that the diſcovery of a new Zoophyte, or ſpecies of the Polype, would be as valuable as that of the longitude. The cabinets of the curious would furniſh out matter for my eſſays, more inſtructing than all the learned lumber of a Vatican. Of what conſequence would it be, to point out the diſtinctions of originals from copies ſo preciſely, that the paltry ſcratchings of a modern may never hereafter be palmed on a Connoiſſeur for the labours of a Rembrandt! I ſhould command applauſe from the adorers of antiquity, were I to demonſtrate, that merit never exiſted but in the ſchools of the old painters, never flouriſhed but in the warm climate of Italy: And how ſhould I riſe in the eſteem of my countrymen, by chaſtiſing the arrogance of an Engliſhman in preſuming to determine the Analyſis of Beauty!

At

At other times I might have occaſion to ſhew my ſagacity in conjecture on ruſty coins and illegible marbles. What profound erudition is contained in an half-obliterated antique piece of copper! TRAJ. IMP. P. VII. COSS. MAX. *** TREB. V. P. P. S. C; and how *merveillous, moſt courteous and ryghte worthye reader*, would the barbarous inſcription of ſome ancient monument appear to thee, and how *pleaſaunt to thyne eyne wytheall*, thus preſerved in its obſolete ſpelling, and original *Black Character!* To this branch of taſte, I am more particularly preſſed: A correſpondent deſires to know, whether I was of the party, that lately took a ſurvey of Palmyra in the Deſart; another, if I have traverſed the Holy Land; or viſited Mount Cavalry. I ſhall not ſpeak too proudly of my travels: but as my predeceſſor the Spectator has recommended himſelf by having made a trip to Grand Cairo to take meaſure of a pyramid, I aſſure my reader that I have climbed Mount Veſuvio in the midſt of its eruptions, and dug ſome time under ground in the ruins of Herculaneum.

I ſhall always be ſolicitous to procure the eſteem of ſo reſpectable a body as the Connoiſſeurs; ſince I cannot but be ſenſible, could I any way merit it by my labours, how much more important the name of Mr. Town would appear, dignified with the addition of F.R.S. or member of the Society of Antiquarians. I therefore take this early opportunity of obliging the curious with a letter from a very eminent perſonage, who, as well as myſelf, is lately become a Connoiſſeur, and is known to have gone abroad for no other purpoſe than to "buy pictures."

To Mr. **********.

Dear Sir,

THE hurry in which I left England muſt have convinced you how much I was in earneſt, when I talked of making a valuable collection of pictures. By my frequent attendance on ſales, I already know almoſt as much of painting, as I do of the funds; and can talk as learnedly of light and ſhade, figure, proportion, drapery, &c.

as

as of the rise and fall of stocks. I have, however, been very much embarrassed in getting together a collection, suitable to the religion I profess. The famous painters were most of them such bigots to their own way of thinking, that they have scarce left any thing behind them but Holy Families, Dead Christs, and Madonas; subjects which to me and my tribe are odious and abominable. A picture, since it has the property of being the language of all mankind, should never be particular in it's subject; but we should paint, as the English are taught to pray, "for all Jews, Turks, Infidels and Heretics."

When I have made the tour of Italy, I will send you a complete list of all my purchases: in the mean time the following short specimen will enable you to judge of my precautions, in selecting pieces suitable to my character, and not offensive to my principles.

The first that I bought was "the Elevation of the "Golden Calf." This I shall set up in the Royal Exchange, as a typical representation of myself, to be worshipped by all brokers, insurers, scriveners, and the whole fraternity of stock-jobbers.

The second is "the Triumph of Gideon." This I intended, if a late project in favour of our brethren had not miscarried, should have been hung up in St. Stephen's Chapel, as a memorial of our victory over the uncircumcised.

The third and fourth are "Peter denying his Master," and "Judas betraying him for thirty pieces of silver;" both which I design as presents to our two worthy friends: the B——s of —— and ——.

The next which I shall mention to you, deserves particular notice; and this is "the Prophet of Nazareth him-"self, conjuring the Devil into an herd of Swine." From this piece, when I return to England, I intend to have a print engraved; being very proper to be had in all Jewish families, as a necessary preservative against pork and Christianity.

I shall not tire you with a particular detail of some other lesser pieces; such as—The Deluge, in water colours—The New Jerusalem, in perspective—Some Ruins

of the Temple—A Publican at the Receipt of Cuſtom—and—a Samſon in miniature.

Beſides theſe, I have employed an ingenious artiſt here to execute a deſign of my own. It is a picture of Fortune, not ſtanding (as in the common ſtile) upon a kind of cart-wheel, but on the two wheels of the lottery, with a repreſentation of a net caſt over the leſſer engroſſers of tickets, while a Chief Manager is breaking his way through the meſhes.

I muſt not forget to tell you, that I have picked up an infamous pourtrait, by an Engliſh hand, called Shylock, with the following inſcription under it, taken I ſuppoſe from the London Evening Poſt, or that impudent Fool the Gazetteer: "They have diſgraced me, and hindered "me half a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my "gains, ſcorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled "my friends, heated mine enemies;———and what's "the reaſon? I am a Jew."

As ſoon as the parliament is diſſolved, you may expect to ſee me in England; till when

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

**************,

I ſhall here ſubjoin a letter of a very different ſtamp: which points out to me another walk as a Connoiſſeur, not leſs extenſive perhaps, and more agreeable to the modern taſte, than that of *Virtù*.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

I Suppoſe Connoiſſeur is only another word for a Knowing-One. So write me a few papers in defence of cards, dice, races, and gaming in general; and I will admit you upon the Square, introduce you at White's, ſet you upon the Turf, the next meeting at Newmarket, and make your fortune at once. If you are the man I take you for, you will be wiſe, and do this directly; and then the odds are for you. If not, I'll hold you an hundred pounds to a China orange, that your paper is neglected

neglected as low and vulgar, and yourself condemned as an unfashionable blockhead.

Yours, as you behave,

WILL. HAZARD.

No. III. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1754.

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem. LUCRET.

When raging winds the ruffled deep deform,
We look at distance, and enjoy the storm;
Toss't on the waves with pleasure others see,
Nor heed their dangers, while ourselves are free.

WE writers of essays, or (as they are termed) periodical papers, justly claim to ourselves a place among the modern improvers of literature. Neither Bently nor Burnam, nor any other equally sagacious commentator, has been able to discover the least traces of any similar productions among the ancients: except we can suppose, that the history of Thucidydes was retailed weekly in sixpenny numbers; that Seneca dealt out his morality every Saturday; or that Tully wrote speeches and philosophical disquisitions, whilst Virgil and Horace clubbed together to furnish the poetry, for a Roman Magazine.

There is a word, indeed, by which we are fond of distinguishing our works, and for which we must confess ourselves indebted to the Latin. Myself, and every petty journalist, affect to dignify our hasty performances by stiling them Lucubrations; by which we mean, if we mean any thing, that as the day is too short for our labours, we are obliged to call in the assistance of the night: not to mention the modest insinuation, that our compositions are so correct, that (like the orations of Demosthenes) they may be said to *smell of the lamp*. We would be understood to follow the directions of the Roman satirist "to grow pale by the midnight candle;" though

though perhaps, as our ſatiriſt expreſſes it, we may be thought

Sleepleſs ourſelves to give our readers ſleep.

But, as a relief from the fatigue of ſo many reſtleſs hours, we have frequently *gone to ſleep* for the benefit of the public: and ſurely we, whoſe labours are confined to a ſheet and a half, may be indulged in taking a nap now and then, as well as thoſe engaged in longer works; who (according to Horace) are to be excuſed, if a little drowzineſs ſometimes creeps in upon them.

After this preface, the reader will not be ſurpriſed, if I take the liberty to relate a dream of my own. It is uſual on theſe occaſions to be lulled to ſleep by ſome book; and moſt of my brethren pay that compliment to Virgil or Shakeſpeare: but as I could never diſcover any opiate qualities in thoſe authors, I choſe rather to doze over ſome modern performance. I muſt beg to be excuſed from mentioning particulars, as I would not provoke the reſentment of my contemporaries: nobody will imagine, that I dipt into any of our modern novels, or took up any of our late tragedies.——Let it ſuffice, that I preſently fell faſt aſleep.

I found myſelf tranſported in an inſtant to the ſhore of an immenſe ſea, covered with innumerable veſſels; and though many of them ſuddenly diſappeared every minute, I ſaw others continually launching forth, and purſuing the ſame courſe. The ſeers of viſions, and dreamers of dreams, have their organs of ſight ſo conſiderably improved, that they can take in any object, however diſtant or minute. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that I could diſcern every thing diſtinctly, though the waters before me were of the deepeſt black.

While I ſtood contemplating this amazing ſcene, one of thoſe good-natured Genii, who never fail making their appearance to extricate dreamers from their difficulties, roſe from the ſable ſtream, and planted himſelf at my elbow. His complexion was of the darkeſt hue, not unlike that of the Dæmons of a printing-houſe; his jetty

beard

beard ſhone like the briſtles of a blacking-bruſh: on his head he wore a turbant of imperial paper; and

There hung a calf-ſkin on his reverend limbs,

which was gilt on the back, and faced with robings of Morocco, lettered (like a rubric-poſt) with the names of the moſt eminent authors. In his left hand he bore a printed ſcroll, which from the marginal corrections I imagined to be a proof-ſheet; and in his right he waved the quill of a gooſe.

He immediately accoſted me.——"Town, ſaid he, I "am the Genius, who is deſtined to conduct you through "theſe turbulent waves. The ſea that you now behold "is the Ocean of Ink. Thoſe towers, at a great di- "ſtance, whoſe baſes are founded upon rocks, and whoſe "tops ſeem loſt in the clouds, are ſituated in the Iſle of "Fame. Contiguous to theſe, you may diſcern by the "glittering of its golden ſands, is the Coaſt of Gain, "which leads to a fertile and rich country. All the veſ- "ſels, which are yonder ſailing with a fair wind on the "main ſea, are making towards one or other of theſe: "but you will obſerve, that on their firſt ſetting out they "were irreſiſtibly drawn into the Eddies of Criticiſm, "where they were obliged to encounter the moſt dread- "ful tempeſts and hurricanes. In theſe dangerous "ſtreights, you ſee with what violence every bark is toſt "up and down: ſome go to the bottom at once; others, "after a faint ſtruggle, are beat to pieces; many are "much damaged; while a few by ſound planks and tight "rigging are enabled to weather the ſtorm."

At this ſight I ſtarted back with horror: and the remembrance ſtill dwells ſo ſtrong upon my fancy, that I even now imagine the torrent of Criticiſm burſting in upon me, and ready to overwhelm me in an inſtant.

"Caſt a look, reſumed my inſtructor, on that vaſt lake "divided into two parts, which lead to yonder magnifi- "cent ſtructures, erected by the Tragic and Comic "Muſe. There you may obſerve many trying to force a "paſſage without chart or compaſs. Some have been

"overſet

" overſet by crouding too much ſail, and others have " foundered by carrying too much ballaſt. An * Arca- " dian veſſel (the maſter an Iriſhman) was, through con- " trary ſqualls, ſcarce able to live nine days; but you ſee " that light Italian gondola, † Gli Amanti Geloſi, ſkims " along pleaſantly before the wind, and out-ſtrips the " painted frigates of her country, ‡ Didone and Arta- " ſerſe. Obſerve that triumphant ſquadron, to whoſe " flag all the others pay homage. Moſt of them are " ſhips of the firſt rate, and were fitted out many years " ago. Though ſomewhat irregular in their make, and " but little conformable to the exact rules of art, they " will ever continue the pride and glory of theſe ſeas; " for, as it is remarked by the preſent Laureat in his " prologue to Papal Tyranny,

" Shakeſpeare, whoſe art no play-wright can excell,
" Has launch'd us fleets of plays, and built them well."

The Genius then bade me turn my eye, where the water ſeemed to foam with perpetual agitation. " That, " ſaid he, is the ſtrong Current of Politics, often fatal to " thoſe who venture on it." I could not but take notice of a poor wretch on the oppoſite ſhore, faſtened by the ears to a terrible machine. This, the Genius informed me, was the memorable Defoe, ſet up there as a land-mark, to prevent future mariners from ſplitting on the ſame rock.

To this turbulent proſpect ſucceeded objects of a more placid nature. In a little creek, winding through flowery meads and ſhady groves, I deſcried ſeveral gilded yatchts and pleaſure-boats, all of them keeping due time with their ſilver oars, and gliding along the ſmooth, even, calm, regularly flowing Rivulets of Rhyme. Shepherds and ſhepherdeſſes playing on the banks; the ſails were gently ſwelled with the ſoft breezes of amorous ſighs; and little loves ſported in the ſilken cordage.

* Philoclea, a tragedy; founded on Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia. † An admired burletta. ‡ Operas.

My

My attention was now called off from these pacific scenes to an obstinate engagement between several ships, distinguished from all others by bearing the Holy Cross for their colours. These, the Genius told me, were employed in the holy war of religious controversy; and he pointed out to me a few Corsairs in the service of the Infidels, sometimes aiding one party, sometimes siding with the other, as might best contribute to the general confusion.

I observed in different parts of the ocean several gallies, which were rowed by slaves. "Those, said the Genius, "are fitted out by very oppressive owners, and are all of "them bound to the Coast of Gain. The miserable "wretches, whom you see chained to the oars, are "obliged to tug without the least respite; and though "the voyage should turn out successful, they have little "or no share in the profits. Some few you may observe, "who rather chuse to make a venture on their own bottoms. These work as hard as the galley-slaves, and "are frequently cast away: but though they are ever so "often wrecked, necessity still contrains them to put out "to sea again.

"Reficit rates
"Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati." HOR.

Still must the wretch his shatter'd bark refit;
For who to starve can patiently submit?

It were needless to enumerate many other particulars, that engaged my notice. Among the rest was a large fleet of Annotators, Dutch-built, which sailed very heavy, were often a-ground, and continually ran foul on each other. The whole ocean, I also found, was infested by pirates, who rensacked every rich vessel that came in their way. Most of these were endeavouring to make the Coast of Gain by hanging out false colours, or by forging their pass-ports, and pretending to be freighted out by the most reputable traders.

My eyes were at last fixed, I know not how, on a spacious channel, running through the midst of a great city. I felt

I felt ſuch a ſecret impulſe at this ſight, that I could not help enquiring particularly about it. "The diſcovery of "that paſſage, ſaid the Genius, was firſt made by one "Bickerſtaff, in the good ſhip called The Tatler, and "who afterwards embarked in The Spectator and Guar-"dian. Theſe have been followed ſince by a number of "little ſloops, ſkiffs, hoys, and cock-boats, which have "been moſt of them wrecked in the attempt. Thither alſo "muſt your courſe be directed."——At this inſtant the Genius ſuddenly ſnatched me up in his arms, and plunged me headlong into the inky flood. While I lay gaſping and ſtruggling beneath the waves, methought I heard a familiar voice calling me by my name; which awaking me, I with pleaſure recollected the features of the Genius in thoſe of my publiſher, who was ſtanding by my bed-ſide, and had called upon me for copy. T

No. IV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1754.

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam. VIRG.

Where matrimony veils th' inceſtuous life,
And whore is ſhelter'd in the name of wife.

IT is with the utmoſt concern I have heard myſelf within this week paſſed accuſed at ſeveral tea-tables, of not being a man of my word. The female part of my readers exclaim againſt me for not having as yet paid my particular addreſſes to the fair. "Who is this Mr. "Town? ſays one: Where can the creature live? He "has ſaid nothing yet of the dear Burletta girl." Another wonders that I have not recommended to the ladies Mr. Hoyle's New Calculation of Chances; for underſtanding which nothing more is required, we are told, than the Firſt Principles of Arithmetic; that is, to know how to tell the pips, and ſet up one's game. But I find the whole ſex in general have expected from me ſome ſhrewd remarks upon the Marriage-Bill. To oblige them at ſome meaſure, I ſhall at preſent recommend to their

their notice the following advertiſement, which has been ſent me with a requeſt to make it public.

To all whom it may concern.

The Reverend Mr. KEITH,

(Who has had the honour to perform before ſeveral of the Nobility, Gentry, and others)

Gives this public NOTICE,

THAT he ſhall continue at his chapel in May-Fair no longer than the preſent month. He will then ſet out on his progreſs through the principal market-towns, where he will exhibit publickly, without loſs of time, any hour of the day or night. He will perform to no leſs than two perſons, and will wait on any gentleman and lady privately at their own houſes.

*** We have no connexion with the Fleet-parſons, or other pretenders. Beware of counterfeits. *Ego ſum ſolus.*

I may perhaps take a future opportunity of enlarging on this very important ſubject, the Marriage-Bill; but ſhall at preſent oblige the ladies by celebrating an order of females lately ſprung up among them, uſually diſtinguiſhed by the denomination of Demi-reps;—a word not to be found in any of our dictionaries.

This order, which ſeems daily increaſing upon us, was firſt inſtituted by ſome ladies eminent for their public ſpirit, with a view of raiſing their half of the ſpecies to a level with the other in the unbounded licence of their enjoyments. By this artifice the moſt open violation of modeſty takes the name of innocent freedom and gaiety; and as long as the laſt failing remains a ſecret, the lady's honour is ſpotleſs and untainted. In a word, a Demi-rep is a lady, whom every body thinks, what nobody chuſes to call her.

It is abſolutely neceſſary, that every lady of this order ſhould be married. Cuſtom has given a certain charm to

wedlock, which changes the colour of our actions, and renders that behaviour not improper, which in a ſtate of celibacy would be accounted indecent and ſcandalous. As to the promiſes made in marriage "to love, honour, "and obey," cuſtom has made them alſo merely ceremonial, and in fact as little binding as the wedding-ring, which may be put on or pulled off at pleaſure.

Religious and political writers have both for different reaſons endeavoured to encourage frequent marriages: but this order, if it maintains its ground, will more certainly promote them. How inviting muſt ſuch a ſtate appear to a woman of ſpirit! An Engliſh wife, with all the indiſcretions of a girl, may aſſume more than the privileges of a woman; may trifle publickly with the beaus and ſmarts, introduce them to her toilette, and fix it as a certain rule in all her converſation and behaviour, that when once marriage has (in Lucy's phraſe) "made "an honeſt woman of her," ſhe is entitled to all the licence of a courteſan.

I have lately ſeen, with a good deal of compaſſion, a few forward maiden ladies inveſting themſelves with the dignities, and incroaching on the privileges of this order. It may not be improper to caution them to recede in time. As their claim to theſe liberties is unwarranted by cuſtom, they will not retain that ambiguous reputation enjoyed by the Demi-reps, whoſe whole ſyſtem of conduct is founded on the baſis of matrimony. Every lady, therefore, inclined to indulge herſelf in all thoſe little innocent freedoms, ſhould confine herſelf within the pale of matrimony, to elude cenſure; as inſolvent debtors avoid a jail by lodging within the verge of the court.

A Demi-rep then muſt neceſſarily be married: nor is it eaſy for a lady to maintain ſo critical a character, unleſs ſhe is a woman of faſhion. Titles and eſtates bear down all weak cenſures, and ſilence ſcandal and detraction. That good-breeding too, ſo inviolably preſerved among perſons of condition, is of infinite ſervice. This produces that delightful inſipidity ſo remarkable in perſons of quality, whoſe converſation flows with an even tenor, undiſturbed by ſentiment, and unruffled by paſſion: inſo-

much

much that huſbands and wives, brothers, ſiſters, couſins, and in ſhort the whole circle of kindred and acquaintance, can entertain the moſt thorough contempt and even hatred for each other, without tranſgreſſing the minuteſt article of good-breeding and civility. But thoſe females, who want the advantages of birth and fortune, muſt be content to wrap themſelves up in their integrity; for the lower ſort are ſo notoriouſly deficient in the requiſites of politeneſs, that they would not fail to throw out the moſt cruel and bitter invectives againſt the pretty delinquents.

The great world will, I doubt not, return me thanks for thus keeping the *canaille* at a diſtance, and ſecuring to them a quiet poſſeſſion of their employments. And here I cannot but obſerve, how reſpectable an order the Demi-reps compoſe, of which the lovely ſiſterhood muſt all be married, and almoſt all right honourable.

For this order, among many other embelliſhments of modern life, we are indebted to the French. Such flippant gaiety is more agreeable to the genius of that nation. There is a native baſhfulneſs inherent in my country-women, which is not eaſy to ſurmount: but our modern fine ladies, who take as much pains to poliſh their minds as to adorn their perſons, have got over this obſtacle with incredible facility. They have ſo ſkilfully grafted the French genius for intrigue upon Britiſh beauty and liberty, that their conduct appears perfectly original: though we muſt do the French the juſtice to allow, that when a lady of this airy diſpoſition viſits Paris, ſhe returns moſt wonderfully improved. Upon the whole, France appears the propereſt ſchool to inſtruct the ladies in the theory of their conduct; but England, and more eſpecially London, the moſt commodious place to put it in practice. In this town, indeed, a lady ſtudious of improvement, may in a very ſhort time become a conſiderable proficient, by frequenting the ſeveral academies kept conſtantly open for her profit and inſtruction. The card-tables and maſquerades in particular have trained up ſome ladies to a ſurpriſing eminence, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from a foreign education.

It is obſerved, that the difference between the ſeveral

ſpecies in the ſcale of beings is but juſt ſufficient to preſerve their diſtinction; the higheſt of one order approaching ſo near to the loweſt of the other, that the gradation is hard to be determined; as the colours of the rainbow, through an infinite variety of ſhades, die away into each other imperceptibly. The Demi-reps hold this intermediate ſtation, in the characters of females, between the modeſt women and the women of pleaſure; to both which they are in ſome meaſure connected, as they ſtand upon the utmoſt verge of reputation, and totter on the brink of infamy. It were therefore to be wiſhed, that theſe ladies wore ſome ſymbol of their order, or were diſtinguiſhed by ſome peculiar mode of dreſs. The Romans aſſigned different habits to perſons of different ages and ſtations; and I hope, that when the buſtle of the enſuing elections is over, the new parliament will take this matter into conſideration, and oblige the ſeveral claſſes of females to diſtinguiſh themſelves by ſome external marks and badges of their principles.

Till ſome act of this nature ſhall take place, I ſhall propoſe a method, by which every lady may exactly learn in what claſs ſhe may be reckoned. The world muſt know then, that my very good friend Mr. Ayſcough has at length with infinite pains and ſtudy conſtructed a thermometer; upon which he has delineated, after the manner that the degrees of heat and cold are marked on the common ſort, the whole ſcale of female characters, from the moſt inviolable modeſty to the moſt abandoned impudence. It is of a commodious ſize to wear at a watch: the liquor within the tube is a chemical mixture, which being acted on by the circulation of the blood and animal ſpirits, will riſe and fall according to the deſires and affections of the wearer. He will very ſhortly publiſh a large aſſortment of them, to be ſold at his ſhop on Ludgate-Hill: and I flatter myſelf, there are many women in England, who will be glad to purchaſe ſuch an effectual regulator of their paſſions. Every lady, therefore, may avail herſelf of the inſtructions of this pocket-monitor; a monitor, who will give her the moſt profitable leſſons, without the uſual impertinence of advice. It will be of

equal

CONNOISSEUR,
Vol. I. No. 5.

Corbould. del.

Engraved for J. Parsons Paternoster Row Nov.r 16. 1793.

Dadley. Sculp.

equal efficacy, if worn by the men. But I expect my friend will have but little of their cuſtom; for as the mere reputation of chaſtity is the utmoſt aim of a fine lady, to preſerve even that, in a fine gentleman, is accounted mean and unmanly. O

No. V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1754.

Σκηψας ἑλαυνει λοιμος ἐχθιστος πολιν. SOPHOCL.

A plague has ſeiz'd us, and the tainted city
Is one wide peſt-houſe teeming with contagion.

To Mr. Town.

Sir, Batſon's Coffee-houſe, Feb. 26, 1754.

I MUST beg leave to trouble you on a moſt ſerious and melancholy ſubject; a ſubject, which I fear will be attended with the moſt dreadful conſequences to the whole nation. Notwithſtanding the laſt mail brought the college poſitive aſſurances from the French king's phyſicians, that the late *plague* at Rouen was entirely ceaſed, I have the ſtrongeſt reaſons to apprehend, that the contagion is already ſpread to this city. My own practice daily furniſhes me with lamentable inſtances, that manifeſtly indicate a peſtilential diſorder in the blood and humours.

I was firſt induced to ſuſpect, that ſome epidemical diſtemper was taking root among us, from my being called in to a noble patient, who (as the public prints have informed you) has lately been afflicted with a violent boil on his back. From this patient there have iſſued continually great quantities of corruption of a yellow hue. His complaint ſeems to be in ſome ſort conſtitutional, as it commonly breaks out with extraordinary virulence every ſeven years; and as this is the criſis, we cannot pronounce our noble patient out of danger, till he has got over the enſuing ſpring. It is moreover to be feared, that the con-

tagion has likewiſe reached Ireland; where we hear that the beſt phyſicians are uſing the moſt forcing medicines, and are of opinion that nothing can relieve the unhappy people, till they have *voided* a *ſtone*. A great man there labours alſo under the abovementioned complaint of having a *violent* BOYLE *on his back**.

I ſhall now proceed to give you the hiſtory of ſome other caſes, which have fallen under my notice, and are to me an indiſputable proof, that the *plague* has got footing among us. Its malignancy ſhews itſelf particularly about the court; and we are aſſured, that ſome parts of the country are alſo tainted with it. I have had the honour to attend ſeveral members of parliament, whoſe caſes are very deſperate. Some I found in a declining way, given over by all their friends; others are ſo weak, that they can't ſtand alone; and many are ſo reſtleſs, that they are continually turning from ſide to ſide. As I found they had great need of ſupport, I have adviſed them to drink plentifully of ſtrong liquors, and guard againſt the ill conſequences of a return.

I viſited the other day a young gentleman, who has lately been promoted to a command in the ſquadron deſigned for the Eaſt Indies. I found him in a moſt languiſhing condition; his ſpirits were quite depreſſed; he had a violent palpitation of the heart; and the whole nervous ſyſtem was relaxed. I would have preſcribed the well known diet-drink brought into practice by the late biſhop of Cloyne; but he told me, every thing went againſt his ſtomach, that ſavoured of tar. However, I at length prevailed on him to ſubmit to a long courſe of ſea water. I have obſerved the ſame prognoſtics in ſome of our land officers; to whom I have recommended the frequent uſe of exerciſe, together with a courſe of ſteel, and a powder compoſed of nitre and ſulphur.

A friend of mine, one of the common-council men of this city, is infected to a ſtrong degree with the preſent peſtilence. His chief complaint is a canine appetite; and his wife aſſures me, ſhe has often felt the wolf in his

* Alluding to ſome diſputes in Ireland.

belly,

belly. The ſeat of this diſtemper is originally in the palate, and diſcovers itſelf by a watering of the mouth from the ſalival glands, and a grinding of the teeth as in the action of maſtication. This diſorder being very common in the city, and likely to ſpread among the livery, I have directed him to perform quarantine for forty days, by abſtaining from fleſh during the preſent lent.

I know another, a very worthy alderman, who now lies in a moſt deplorable condition. He is ſwelled to a moſt enormous ſize; his whole face, and particularly his noſe, is cruſted over with fiery puſtules of the confluent kind. He is afflicted with an inſatiable thirſt, and is very ſubject to falling-fits. I was ſent for laſt night, when one of theſe fits had juſt ſeized him. He lay to all appearance dead on the floor, wallowing in the midſt of a fetid maſs, partly ſolid, partly fluid, which had iſſued from his mouth and noſtrils with repeated eructations. I would immediately have adminiſtered to him a proper doſe of *Aq. Font. tepefact.* but on offering him the draught, he ſhewed the ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of a confirmed hydrophobia.

I went out of charity to ſee a poor tragic author, (no reflection upon any of the profeſſion, Mr. Town) who has been obliged to keep his room all the winter, and is dying by inches of an inveterate atrophy. By his extravagant ravings, ſudden ſtarts, incoherent expreſſions, and paſſionate exclamations, I judged his diſorder to be ſeated in the brain, and therefore directed his head to be bliſtered all over. I cured another, a comic author, of a lethargy, by making a revulſion of the bad humour, from the part affected with ſtimulating cathartics. A ſhort ſquabby gentleman of a groſs and corpulent make was ſeized with a kind of St. Vitus' dance, as he was practiſing Harlequin for the maſquerade: His whole body was convulſed with the moſt violent writhings and irregular twiches; but I preſently removed his complaint by applying bliſters to the ſoles of his feet.

The plague, as I obſerve before, puts on different appearances in different ſubjects. A perſon of quality, one of the club at White's, was ſeized with the epidemical phrenſy

phrenſy raging there, which propagates itſelf by certain black and red ſpots. He had ſuffered ſo much loſs by continual evacuations, that his whole ſubſtance was waſted; and when I ſaw him he was ſo reduced that there were no hopes of a recovery. Another nobleman caught the infection at New-market, which brought upon him ſuch a running, that he is now in the laſt ſtage of a galloping conſumption. A reverend divine lately made a dignitary of the church, has unhappily loſt his memory; and is ſo blind withal, that he hardly knows any of his old acquaintance: the muſcles of his face are all contracted into an auſtere frown, his knees are ſtiff and inflexible, and he is unable, poor gentleman! to bend his body, or move his hand to his head. I have obſerved others ſeized at times with a ſtrange kind of deafneſs; and at certain intervals, I have found them ſo prodigiouſly hard of hearing, that though a tradeſman has bawled ever ſo loudly in their ears, it has had no effect upon them.

By what means this plague has been introduced among us, cannot eaſily be aſcertained;—whether it was imported in the ſame band-box with the laſt new head, or was ſecretly conveyed in the plaits of an embroidered ſuit:—But that it came over hither from France, plainly appears from the manner in which it affects our people of faſhion, (eſpecially the ladies,) who bear about them the moſt evident marks of the French diſeaſe. This is known to affect the whole habit of body, and extends its influence from head to foot. But its ſtrongeſt attacks are levelled at the face; and it has ſuch an effect upon the complexion, that it entirely changes the natural colour of the ſkin. At Paris, the face of every lady you meet is beſmeared with unguent, ceruſs, and plaiſter; and I have lately remarked, with infinite concern, the native charms of my pretty country-women deſtroyed by the ſame cauſe. In this caſe I have always propoſed calling in the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon to pare off this unnatural Epiderm's or ſcarf-ſkin, occaſioned by the ignorance of Empirics in the immoderate application of Alteratives.

From what I have been able to collect from obſervations

tions on my female patients, I have found little variation in the effects of the Plague on that ſex. Moſt of them complain of a laſſitude, a liſtleſneſs, an uneaſineſs, pains they don't know where, vapours, hyſterics, want of reſt, want of ſpirits, and loſs of appetite: Conſequently the ſame regimen may ſerve for all. I adviſe them to uſe a great deal of exerciſe in driving about the town, to dilute properly with tea, to perſpire freely at public places, and in their ſeaſons to go to Bath, Turnbridge, Cheltenham, or Scarborough.

I was indeed ſurpriſed with an extraordinary new caſe the other night, when I was called out of bed to attend a maid of honour, who is frequently afflicted with fits of the mother. Her abdomen, I found, upon examination, to be preternaturally diſtended: the tumour has been gradually increaſing; but I would not attempt to diſcuſs it, as it was not yet arrived to maturity. I intend ſoon to remove her into the country for a month, in order to deliver her from the complaint ſhe labours under.

I have been induced, Sir, to write to you on this occaſion, as you are pleaſed to take this city under your immediate care. So alarming an evil calls upon us all to oppoſe its progreſs: For my own part, nothing ſhall deter me from a diligent diſcharge of the duty of my profeſſion; though it has already expoſed me to the greateſt dangers in the execution of it. An old captain of a man of war, who is grievouſly troubled with choler and overflowing of the gall, on my only hinting a clyſter, ſwore vehemently that I ſhould take one myſelf, and applying his foot directly to my fundament kicked me down ſtairs. This very morning I eſcaped almoſt by miracle from the contagion, which raged in the moſt violent degree through a whole family. The maſter and miſtreſs were both of them in a very high fever, and quite frantic and delirious: Their tongues were prodigiouſly inflamed, with the tip very ſharp, and perpetually vibrating without the leaſt intermiſſion. I would have preſcribed ſome cooling and lenitive medicines; but the huſband in the heighth of his phrenſy flung my tye-wig into the fire, and his wife ſluiced me with extravaſated urine. As I retired

tired with precipitation, I heard the ſame wild ravings from the nurſery, the kitchen, and every other quarter, which convinced me that the peſtilence had ſeized the whole houſe. I ran out of doors as faſt as poſſible, reflecting with Terence, "if Health herſelf would ſave this "family, ſhe could not."

——————— Ipſa ſi cupiat Salus,
Servare prorsùs non poteſt hanc familiam.

Upon the whole, I may conclude with the aphoriſm of Hippocrates; "that no people can poſſibly be afflicted "with ſo many and ſo terrible diſorders, unleſs the *plague* "is among them."

W I am, Sir, yours, &c.
B. G.

No. VI. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

——————— Quid alat formetque poetam. HOR.

Practice alone muſt form the writer's head,
And ev'ry author to the trade be bred.

I REMEMBER to have ſeen, in ſome old Italian poet, a fable called "the education of the Muſes." Apollo is there ſaid to have taken them at their birth under his immediate care, and as they grew up, to have inſtructed them, according to their different capacities, in the ſeveral branches of playing and ſinging. Thalia, we are told, was of a lively turn, and took delight in the moſt comic airs; but was at firſt with difficulty reſtrained from falling into ridiculous drolleries, and what our author calls 'extravaganzas in her manner'. Melpomene, who was of a ſerious and grave diſpoſition, indulged herſelf in ſtrains of melancholy; but when ſhe aimed at the moſt pathetic ſtrokes, was often harſh, or run into wild diviſions. Clio, and the reſt of the nine, had not yet learned to temper their voices with ſweetneſs and variety; nor could

could they tell how to regulate the ſtops of their flutes, or touch the ſtrings of their lyres, with judgment and grace. However, by much practice, they improved gradually under the inſtructions of Apollo, till at laſt they were able to exert all the powers of muſic: and they now form a complete concert, which fills all Parnaſſus with the moſt enchanting harmony.

The moral to be drawn from this little fable is naturally applied to thoſe ſervants of the Muſes. Authors, who muſt neceſſarily riſe, by the ſame ſlow degrees, from their firſt lame attempts in cultivating the arts of Apollo. The beſt of them, without doubt, went through many more ſtages of writing, than appears from the palpable gradations ſtill remaining in their works. But as it is impoſſible to trace them from their firſt ſetting out, I ſhall here preſent the reader with the ſum of my own experience, and illuſtrate, in the life of Mr. Town, the progreſs of an author.

Right or wrong, I have ever been addicted to ſcribbling. I was famous at ſchool for my readineſs at crambo and capping verſes: I often made themes for other boys, and ſold my copy for a tart or a cuſtard: at nine years old I was taken notice of for an Engliſh diſtich; and afterwards immortalized myſelf by an holiday's taſk in the ſame language, which my maſter, who himſelf was a poet, pronounced to be ſcarce inferior to his favourite Blackmore. Theſe were followed by a multitude of little pieces; which, like other fruits that come before their ſeaſon, had nothing to recommend them but their early appearance.

Filled, however, with great conceptions of my genius and importance, I could not but lament, that ſuch extraordinary parts ſhould be confined within the narrow circle of my relations and acquaintance. Therefore, in order to oblige and amaze the public, I ſoon became a very large contributor to the monthly magazines. But I had the unſpeakable mortification to ſee my favours ſometimes not inſerted, ſometimes poſtponed, often much altered, and you may be ſure always for the worſe. On all theſe occaſions, I never failed to condemn the arro-

gance

gance and folly of the compilers of theſe miſcellanies; wondering how they could ſo groſly miſtake their own intereſt, and neglect the entertainment of their readers.

In the mean time a maiden aunt, with whom I lived, a very pious old lady, turned Methodiſt, and often took me with her to the Tabernacle, the Foundery, and many private meetings. This made ſuch an impreſſion upon my mind, that I devoted myſelf entirely to ſacred ſubjects, and wrote ſeveral hymns, which were received with infinite applauſe by all the good women, who viſited my aunt; and (the ſervants being alſo Methodiſts) they were often ſung by the whole family in the kitchen. I might perhaps in time have rivalled Weſley in theſe divine compoſitions, and had even begun an entire new verſion of the pſalms; when my aunt, changing her religion a ſecond time, became a Moravian. But the hymns uſually ſung by the United Brethren, contain ſentiments ſo ſublime and ſo incomprehenſible, that notwithſtanding my late ſucceſs in that kind of poetry, and the great opinion I entertained of my own talents, I durſt not venture on their ſtile and manner.

As love and poetry mutually produce each other, it is no wonder, that before I was ſeventeen I had ſingled out my particular Sachariſſa. This, you may ſuppoſe, gave birth to innumerable ſongs, elegies, and acroſtics. In the ſpace of two years I had written more love verſes than Waller, or any other poet; when, juſt as I imagined I had rhymed myſelf into her good graces, I had the mortification to find that my miſtreſs was married to a cornet of horſe, a fellow, who I am ſure never wrote a line in his life. This threw me into ſuch a violent rage againſt the whole ſex, that I immediately burnt every ſyllable I had written in her praiſe, and in bitterneſs of ſoul tranſlated the ſixth ſatire of Juvenal.

Soon after this, the ſon and heir of Lord Townley, to to whom I have the honour of being a diſtant relation, was engaged in a treaty of marriage with a rich heireſs. I ſat down immediately with great compoſure to write an epithalamium on this occaſion. I trimmed Hymen's torch, and invited the loves and graces to the wedding: Concord

Concord was prepared to join their hands, and Juno to bleſs them with a numerous race of children. After all theſe pains, when every thing was ready for the wedding, and the laſt hand put to the epithalamium, the match was ſuddenly broke off, and my poem of courſe rendered uſeleſs. I was more uneaſy under this diſappointment than any of the parties could poſſibly be; till I was informed of the ſudden marriage of a noble lord with a celebrated beauty. On this popular occaſion, promiſing myſelf univerſal applauſe, I immediately publiſhed my epithalamium; which, like Bayes's prologue, was artfully contrived to ſerve one purpoſe as well as another.

As my notions had been hitherto confined within a narrow ſphere of life, my literary purſuits were conſequently leſs important, till I had the opportunity of enlarging my ideas by going abroad. My travels, of which I have before hinted ſomething to the reader, opened to me a new and extenſive field for obſervation. I will not preſume to boaſt, that I received any part of my education at Geneva, or any of thoſe celebrated foreign univerſities, in which alone an Engliſhman can be grounded in the principles of religion and liberty: But I may ſay without vanity, that I gleaned ſome uſeful knowledge from every place I viſited. My propenſity to writing followed me wherever I went; and were I to meet with encouragement by a large ſubſcription, I could publiſh ſeveral volumes of curious remarks, which I made in my tour. I had, indeed, like to have got into ſome unlucky ſcrapes, by turning author in places, where the liberty of the preſs was never ſo much as heard of. At Paris I narrowly eſcaped being put into the Baſtile for a little *Chanſon à boire*, reflecting on the miſtreſs of the *Grand Monarque*; and I was obliged to quit Rome a week ſooner than I intended, for fixing on Paſquin a prayer for the Pope's toe, which was then laid up with the gout.

It was not till my return from abroad, that I formally commenced a profeſſed critic, for which I now thought myſelf thoroughly qualified. I could draw parallels between Marſeilles and Denoyer, compare the behaviour

of the French parterre with the Engliſh pit; and have lately made a figure by affecting an indifference about the preſent burlettas, as I took care to let every body know, that I had often ſeen them in Flanders. My knowledge in theatrical affairs naturally led me to write a great number of occaſional pamphlets on thoſe topics; ſuch as "Examens of New Plays, Letters to the Mana-"gers, &c." Not content with this, I had a ſtrong inclination to ſhine in the drama. I often pleaſed myſelf with computing—"three benefit nights—let me ſee "—ſix hundred pounds at leaſt—an hundred more for "the copy—beſides a perpetual freedom of the houſe." —Theſe were temptations not to be reſiſted. I ſat down therefore to a tragedy; but before I got through the firſt act, deſpairing to make it ſufficiently pathetic for the modern taſte, I changed my ſcheme, and began a comedy; then again reflecting, that moſt of our comedies were in reality nothing but over-grown farces, contented myſelf with writing, what authors are now pleaſed to call a comedy of two acts. This I finiſhed with a great deal of pains, and very much to my own ſatisfaction: but not being able to get it on the ſtage, as one houſe was entirely taken up with pantomimes, and the manager of the other had ſo many farces of his own, I generouſly made a preſent of it to an actor for his benefit;—when to my great ſurprize it was damned.

I have at laſt reſolved to bend all my attention, and dedicate all my powers, to the carrying on this my preſent elaborate undertaking. I am ſorry to own, that the ſucceſs has not at all anſwered my expectations: I flattered myſelf with being univerſally known, read, and admired; but I find quite the contrary. I went into a coffee-houſe the other day by White-chapel Mount, where on aſking for the Connoiſſeur, the woman ſtared at me, and ſaid ſhe did not know what I meant. I dined laſt week at a foreign ambaſſador's; and not a word about me or my works paſſed at table. I wrote to a relation at Caermarthen, deſiring to know what reputation my paper has in Wales; but he tells me, that nothing in the literary

literary way comes down there but the King's Speech and the London Evening Poſt. I have enquired into the ſale of my firſt number, my ſecond, my third, my fourth, and the laſt; yet I cannot aſſure my readers, that I have ſold three thouſand of anyone of them. In ſhort, I give this public notice once for all, that if I do not find myſelf taken in all over England, by the time I have publiſhed two or three hundred papers,—let them look to it—let them look to it—I'll bid adieu to my ungraceful countrry, go directly to Berlin, and (as Voltaire is diſcarded) employ my pen in the ſervice of that encourager of literary merit theking of Pruſſia.

O.

*** As ſeveral correſpondents, ſince the firſt publication of this number, have deſired to know, from what Italian author the fable at the beginning of this paper is borrowed. We think it neceſſary to acquaint them, that the fiction is entirely our own.

No. VII. THRUSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

Pænitet hoſpitii, cùm me ſpectante lacertos
Imponit collo ruſticus ille tuo.
Oſcula cùm verò coram non dura daretis,
Ante oculos poſui pocula ſumpta meos. OVID.

I loath'd the dinner, while before my face
The clown ſtill paw'd you with a rude embrace:
But when ye toy'd and kiſs'd without controul,
I turn'd and ſcreen'd my eyes behiad the bowl.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

I SHALL make no apology for recommending to your notice, as Cenſor-General, a fault that is too common among the married people; I mean the abſurd trick of fondling before company. Love is, indeed, a very rare ingredient in modern wedlock; nor can the parties en-

tertain too much affection for each other: but an open diſplay of it on all occaſions render them ridiculous.

A few days ago I was introduced to a young couple, who were but lately married, and are reckoned by all their acquaintance to be exceeding happy in each other. I had ſcarce ſaluted the bride, when the huſband caught her eagerly in his arms, and almoſt devoured her with kiſſes. When we were ſeated, they took care to place themſelves cloſe to each other; and during our converſation he was conſtantly piddling with her fingers, tapping her cheek, or playing with her hair. At dinner, they were mutually employed in preſſing each other to taſte of every diſh; and the fond appellations of "my "dear, my love," &c. were continually bandied acroſs the table. Soon after the cloth was removed, the lady made a motion to retire; but the huſband prevented the compliments of the reſt of the company by ſaying, "We "ſhould be unhappy without her." As the bottle went round, he joined her health to every toaſt; and could not help now and then riſing from his chair to preſs her hand, and manifeſt the warmth of his paſſion by the ardour of his careſſes. This precious fooling, though it highly entertained them, gave me great diſguſt: therefore, as my company might very well be ſpared, I took my leave as ſoon as poſſible.

Nothing is more common than to ſee a new married couple, ſetting out with a ſplendour in their equipage, furniture, and manner of living, which they have been afterwards obliged of retrench. Thus it happens, when they have made themſelves remarkable by a ſhew of exceſſive love. They begin with great *eclat*, are laviſh of their fondneſs at firſt, but their whole ſtock is ſoon waſted; and their poverty is the more inſupportable, as their former profuſion has made it more conſpicuous. I have remarked the ill conſequence of this indiſcreion in both caſes; One couple has at laſt had ſeparate beds, while the other have been carried to the opera in hackney chairs.

Two people, who are to paſs their whole lives together, may ſurely find time enough for dalliance without playing

playing over their pretty tricks in public. How ridiculous would it appear, if in a large aſſembly every one ſhould ſelect his mate, and the whole company ſhould fall into couples, like the birds on Valentine's day! and it is ſurely no leſs abſurd, to ſee a man and his wife eternally trifling and toying together.

"Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
"Like Philip and Mary on a ſhilling". HUDIBRAS.

I have often been reduced to a kind of aukward diſtreſs on theſe occaſions; not knowing which way to look, or what to ſay. I conſider them as playing a game, in which the ſtander-by is not at all intereſted; and would therefore recommend it to every third perſon in theſe circumſtances, to take it as an hint, that the parties have a mind to be alone, and leave the room without further ceremony.

A friend of mine happened to be engaged in a viſit to one of theſe loving couples. He ſat ſtill for ſome time, without interrupting the little endearments that paſſed between them. Finding them at length quite loſt in nods, whiſpers, ogles, and in ſhort, wholly taken up with each other, he rang the bell, and deſired the ſervant to ſend in my lady's woman. When ſhe came, he led her very gravely to the ſettee, and began to indulge himſelf in certain freedoms, which provoked the damſel to complain loudly of his rudeneſs. The lady flew into a violent paſſion, and rated him ſeverely for his monſtrous behaviour. My friend begged her pardon with great politeneſs, hoped ſhe was not offended, for that he thought there had been no harm in amuſing himſelf a little while with Mrs. Betty, in the ſame manner as her ladyſhip and ſir John had been diverting themſelves theſe two hours.

This behaviour, though at all times improper, may in ſome ſort be excuſed, where perhaps the match had been huddled up by the parents, and the young people are ſuch new acquaintance, that they ſcarce ever ſaw each other till their marriage. A pair of loving turtles may be indulged in a little amorous billing at their firſt com-

ing together: yet this licence ſhould expire with the honey-room, and even in that period be uſed but ſparingly.

But if this conduct is blameable in young people, how very abſurd is it in thoſe advanced in years! who can help laughing, when he ſees a worn-out beau and belle, practiſing at three-ſcore the very follies, that are ridiculous at ſixteen? I could wiſh, that ſuch a pair of antiquated loves were delineated by the pencil of an Hogarth. How humorouſly would he repreſent two emaciated wrinkled figures, with eyes ſunk into their heads, lank cheeks, and toothleſs gums, affecting to leer, ſmile, and languiſh at each other! but this affectation is ſtill more remarkable, when a liquoriſh old fool is continually fondling a young wife: though perhaps the ſight is not ſo diſguſting to a ſtranger, who may reaſonably ſuppoſe it to be the overflowings of a father's tenderneſs for his daughter.

It ſometimes happens, that one of the parties perceives the folly of his behaviour. I have ſeen a ſenſible man quite uneaſy at the indiſcreet marks of kindneſs ſhewn by his lady. I know a clergyman in the country, who is often put to the bluſh by the ſtrange familiarities, which his wife's love induces her to take with him. As ſhe has had but an indifferent education, you would often be at a loſs to know, whether ſhe is very kind, or very rude. If he dines abroad, ſhe always ſees him get on horſeback, and before he has got twenty yards from the door, hollows after him, "be at home in time, my dear "ſoul, do." I have known her almoſt quarrel with him for not buttoning his coat in the middle of ſummer; and ſhe once had the good-nature to burn a very valuable collection of Greek manuſcripts, leſt the poring over thoſe horrid crooked letters ſhould put her dear Jack's eyes out. Thus does ſhe torment the poor parſon with her violent affection for him, and according to the common phraſe, kills him with kindneſs.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of thoſe luſcious love-ſcenes, that have ſo great a ſhare in our modern plays; which are rendered ſtill more fulſome by the officiouſneſs of the player, who takes every opportunity of

of heightening the expreſſion by kiſſes and embraces. In a comedy, nothing is more reliſhed by the audience than a loud ſmack, which echoes through the whole houſe; and in the moſt paſſionate ſcenes of a tragedy, the hero and heroine are continually flying into each others arms. For my part I am never preſent at a ſcene of this kind, which produces a conſcious ſimper from the boxes, and an hearty chuckle of applauſe from the pit and galleries, but I am ready to exclaim with old Renault—"I like not theſe huggers."

I would recommend it to all married people, but eſpecially to the ladies, not to be ſo ſweet upon their dears before company: but I would not be underſtood to countenance that coldneſs and indifference, which is ſo faſhionable in the polite world. Nothing is accounted more ungenteel, than for a huſband and wife to be ſeen together in public places; and if they ſhould ever accidentally meet, they take no more notice of each other, than if they were abſolute ſtrangers. The gentleman may laviſh as much gallantry as he pleaſes on other women, and the lady give encouragement to twenty pretty fellows, without cenſure: but they would either of them bluſh at being ſurpriſed, in ſhewing the leaſt marks of a regard for each other.

I am, Sir,

T Your humble ſervant, &c.

No. VIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

O quanta ſpecies cerebrum non habet! PHÆDR.

In outward ſhew ſo ſplendid and ſo vain,
'Tis but a gilded block without a brain.

I MUST acknowledge the receipt of many letters containing very laviſh encomiums on my works. Among the reſt a correſpondent, whom I take to be a bookſeller, is pleaſed to compliment me on the goodneſs of my print, and

and paper; but tells me, that he is very ſorry not to ſee ſomething expreſſive of my undertaking, in the little cut that I carry in front. It is true, indeed, that my printer, and publiſher held ſeveral conſultations on this ſubject; and I am aſhamed to confeſs, that they had once prevailed on me to ſuffer a profile of my face to be prefixed to each number. But when it was finiſhed, I was quiet mortified to ſee what a ſcurvy figure I made in wood: nor could I ſubmit to be hung out, like Broughton, at my own door, or let my face ſerve like the canvas before a booth, to call people into the ſhew.

I hope it will not be imputed to envy or malevolence, that I here remark on this part of the production of Mr. Fitz-Adam. When he gave his paper the title of The World, I ſuppoſe he meant to intimate his deſign of deſcribing that part of it, who are known to account all other perſons nobody, and are therefore emphatically called The World. If this was to be pictured out in the head-piece, a lady at her toilette, a party at whiſt, or the jovial member of the Dilettanti tapping the World for Champagne, had been the moſt natural and obvious hieroglyphics. But when we ſee the portrait of a philoſopher poring on the globe, inſtead of obſervations on modern life, we might more naturally expect a ſyſtem of geography, or an attempt towards a diſcovery of the longitude.

The reader will ſmile perhaps at a criticiſm of this kind; yet certainly even here propriety ſhould be obſerved, or at leaſt all abſurdities avoided. But this matter being uſually left to the printer or bookſeller, it is often attended with ſtrange blunders and miſapplications. I have ſeen a ſermon uſhered in with the repreſentation of a ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs ſporting on a bank of flowers, with two little Cupids ſmiling over head; while perhaps an epithalamium, or an ode for a birth-day, has been introduced with death's heads and croſs-marrow bones.

The inhabitants of Grub-ſtreet are generally very ſtudious of propriety in this point. Before the half-penny account of an horſe-race, we ſee the jockeys whipping,

ping, ſpurring, joſtling, and the horſes ſtraining within ſight of the poſt. The laſt dying ſpeech, character, and behaviour of the malefactors preſents us with a proſpect of the place of execution; and the hiſtory of the London prentice exhibits the figure of a lad ſtanding between two lions, and ramming his hands down their throats. A due regard has been paid to this article, in the ſeveral elegies from that quarter on the death of Mr. Pelham. They are encompaſſed with diſmal black lines, and all the ſable emblems of death: nor can we doubt, but that an author, who takes ſuch care to expreſs a decent ſorrow on the outſide of his work, has infuſed a great deal of the pathetic into the piece itſelf.

Theſe little embelliſhments were originally deſigned to pleaſe the eye of the reader; as we tempt children to learn their letters by diſpoſing the alphabet into pictures. But, in our modern compoſitions, they are not only ornamental, but uſeful. An angel or a flower-pot, at the beginning and end of every chapter or ſection, enables the bookſeller to ſpin out a novel, without plot or incident, to a great number of volumes; and by the help of theſe decorations, properly diſpoſed, I have known a little piece ſwell into a duodecimo, which had ſcarce matter enough for a ſix-penny pamphlet.

In this place I might alſo take notice of the ſeveral new improvements in the buſineſs of Typography. Though it is reckoned ungenteel to write a good hand, yet every one is proud of appearing in a beautiful print; and the productions of a man of quality come from the preſs in a very neat letter, though perhaps the manuſcript is hardly legible. Indeed, our modern writers ſeem to be more ſollicitous about outward elegance, than the intrinſic merit of their compoſitions; and on this account it is thought no mean recommendation of their works, to advertiſe that they are "beautifully printed on a fine "paper and entire new letter." Nor are they only indebted to the preſs for the beauty of the type, but often call in its aſſiſtance to explain and enforce the ſentiment. When an author is in doubt whether the reader will be able to comprehend his meaning, or indeed whether he has

has any meaning at all, he takes care to ſprinkle the ſentence with *Italics*; but when he would ſurpriſe us with any thing more ſtriking than ordinary, he diſtinguiſhes the emphatical words by large ſtaring CAPITALS, which overtop the reſt of their fellows, and are intended, like the grenadiers caps, to give us an idea of ſomething grand and uncommon. Theſe are deſigned as ſo many hints to let the reader know where he is to be particularly affected; and anſwer the ſame purpoſe with the marginal directions in plays, which inform the actor when he is to laugh or cry. This practice is moſt remarkable in pieces of modern wit and humour: and it may be obſerved, that where there is the leaſt of theſe lively qualities, the author is moſt deſirous of ſubſtituting theſe arts in their room; imagining, that by a judicious diſtribution of theſe enlivening ſtrokes in different parts of it, his work, however dull in itſelf, will become ſmart and brilliant.

And here I cannot but take notice, that theſe arts have been employed to very great advantage in the ſervice of the theatres. The writer of the play bills deals out his capitals in ſo juſt a proportion, that you may tell the ſalary of each actor by the ſize of the letter in which his name is printed. When the preſent manager of Drury-lane firſt came upon the ſtage, a new ſet of types two inches long were caſt on purpoſe to do honour to his extraordinary merit. This indeed is ſo proper, that the ſevereſt critics on the drama cannot be offended at this piece of theatrical juſtice.

There is lately ſprung up among us a new ſpecies of writers, who are moſt of them perſons of the firſt rank and faſhion. At this period the whole houſe of commons are turned authors: and we cannot ſufficiently admire the propriety of ſtile and ſentiment in thoſe elegant addreſſes, by which they humbly offer themſelves as candidates, and beg the favour of your votes and intereſt. Theſe gentlemen avail themſelves greatly of the arts of printing above mentioned, whether they would raiſe the merits of their own cauſe, or throw out invectives on the oppoſite party. The courtier ſets before your eyes in large letters

letters his ſteady attachment to King GEORGE, while his opponent diſplays in the ſame manner his zeal for LIBERTY and the CONSTITUTION. This muſt undoubtedly have a wonderful effect on the electors: and I could almoſt aſſure any patriot certain ſucceſs, who ſhould manifeſt his regard for *Old England* by printing his addreſſes in the *Old England Character*.

But, in the whole republic of letters, there are none perhaps, who are more obliged to the printer, than the writers of periodical eſſays. The Spectators, indeed, came into the world without any of the advantages we are poſſeſſed of. They were originally publiſhed in a very bad print and paper, and were ſo entirely deſtitute of all outward ornaments, that like (Terence's virgin)

——Nî vis boni
In ipſâ ineſſet formâ, hæc formam extinguerent.

"Unleſs the ſoul of beauty had breathed through the "compoſitions themſelves, theſe diſadvantages would "have ſuppreſſed the leaſt appearances of it."

As it requires no genius to ſupply a defect of this nature, our modern eſſays as much excel the Spectators in elegance of form, as perhaps they may be thought to fall ſhort of them in every other reſpect. But they have this additional advantage, that by the fineneſs of their paper they are reſcued from ſerving many mean and ignoble purpoſes, to which they might otherwiſe be applied. They alſo form themſelves more commodiouſly into volumes, and become genteeler appendages of the tea-table. The candid reader will undoubtedly impute this extraordinary care about externals to the modeſty of us preſent eſſayiſts, who are willing to compenſate for our poverty of genius, by beſtowing theſe outward graces and embelliſhments on our works. For my own part, I never reflect on the firſt unadorned publication of the Spectator, and at the ſame time take up one of my own papers, ſet off with every ornament of the preſs, but I am afraid that the critics will apply, what a facetious peer is ſaid to have remarked on two different ladies; that

that "the firſt is a ſoul without a body, and the laſt a "body without a ſoul."

As in this faſhionable age there are many of lord Foppington's opinion, "that a book ſhould be recommended by it's outſide to a man of quality and breeding," it is incumbent on all authors to let their works appear as well dreſt as poſſible, if they expect them to be admitted into polite company. Yet we ſhould not lay too much ſtreſs on the decorations, but rather remember Tully's precept to all who build, that "the "owner ſhould be an ornament to the houſe, and not "the houſe to the owner."

T

No. IX. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

———Solvitque animis miracula rerum,
Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, vireſque tonanti. MANIL.

He freed our minds from dread of things above,
And ſnatch'd the thunder from the hand of Jove.

THE publication of lord Bolingbroke's poſt-humous works has given new life and ſpirit to freethinking. We ſeem at preſent to be endeavouring to unlearn our cathechiſm, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the faſhion of his lordſhip's ſyſtem. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament, now in force, gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by tranſportation. I was in hopes that the extraordinary price of theſe volumes would have confined their influence to perſons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and abſolute want of bread, their looſe notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if theſe opinions ſpread among the vulgar, we ſhall be knocked down at noon-day in our ſtreets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

Th

The inſtances I have lately ſeen of freethinking, in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as faſhionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood; where it is uſual for the advocates againſt religion to aſſemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the queſtions for the night was, "Whether Lord Bolingbroke had not done greater "ſervice to mankind by his writings, than the Apoſtles "or Evangeliſts?" As this ſociety is chiefly compoſed of lawyers clerks, petty tradeſmen, and the loweſt mechanics, I was at firſt ſurpriſed to find ſuch amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they ſeemed to have got by heart. A ſhoemaker harrangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by Lord Bolingbroke; but I ſoon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the "Idea of a Patriot King," which he had miſtaken for a glorious ſyſtem of free-thinking. I could not help ſmiling at another of the company, who took pains to ſhew his diſbelief of the Goſpel by unſainting the Apoſtles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this ſociety, have, indeed, almoſt induced me to wiſh, that (like the Roman Catholicks) they were not permitted to read the Bible, rather than they ſhould read it only to abuſe it.

I have frequently heard many wiſe tradeſmen, ſettling the moſt important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occaſion from Canning's affair to maintain, in oppoſition to the ſcriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at leaſt that woman might; "for elſe, ſaid "he, how could the girl have been ſupported for a whole "month by a few hard cruſts?" I anſwer to this, a barber ſurgeon ſet forth the improbability of that ſtory; and thence inferred, that it was impoſſible for our Saviour to have faſted forty days in the wilderneſs. I lately heard a midſhipman ſwear that the Bible was all a lye: for he had ſailed round the world with Lord Anſon, and if there had been any Red Sea, he muſt have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who, while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow labourer, that the

world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his Bible, in a diſpute concerning the miracles, made a pleaſant miſtake about the nature of the firſt, and gravely aſked his antagoniſt what he thought of the Supper at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking, among the lower claſs of people, is at preſent happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the huſbands are toping at the ale-houſe, the good women their wives think it their duty to go to church, ſay their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechiſm. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and converſations little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, ſince it is now no longer the faſhion to carry on intrigues there, is almoſt wholly laid aſide: and I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can ever fill the churches with people of quality. The fair ſex in general are too thoughtleſs to concern themſelves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is ſufficient, that they are taught to believe themſelves angels: it would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they beſtow, to perſuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no ſouls: though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady, that ſhe has no ſoul, ſhe will be leſs ſcrupulous about the diſpoſal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-thinkers in their writings, ſcarce deſerve a ſerious refutation; and perhaps the beſt method of anſwering them would be to ſelect from their works all the abſurd and impracticable notions, which they ſo ſtiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Chriſtian religion. I ſhall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I BELIEVE that there is no God, but that Matter is God, and God is Matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe, that the world was not made; that the world made

made itſelf; that it had no beginning; that it will laſt for ever, world without end.

I believe, that man is a beaſt; that the ſoul is the body, and the body the ſoul; and that after death there is neither body nor ſoul.

I believe, that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moſes; I believe in the firſt philoſophy: I believe not the Evangeliſts; I believe in Chub, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolſton, Hobbes, Shaftſbury: I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe not the Bible: I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Chriſt.

Laſtly, I believe in all unbelief.

AN

ADDRESS

TO BOTH

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

EVER ſince we have thought fit to take theſe kingdoms into our immediate care, we have made it our earneſt endeavour to go hand in hand with your wiſdoms in promoting the welfare and proſperity of the people. The important buſineſs of taxes, lotteries, marriages, and Jews, we have left to your weighty conſideration; while ourſelves have been employed in the regulation of faſhions, the eſtabliſhment of taſte, and amendment of the morals. We have the ſatisfaction to find, that both our meaſures

have hitherto met with ſucceſs: and the public affairs are at preſent in ſo proſperous a condition, that the national vices ſeem as likely to decreaſe as the national debt.

The diſſolution of your aſſembly is now at hand; and as your whole attention will naturally be engaged in ſecuring to yourſelves and friends a ſeat in the next parliament, it is needleſs to recommend to you, that heads ſhould be broken, drunkenneſs encouraged, and abuſe propagated; which has been found by experience to be the beſt method of ſupporting the freedom of elections. In the mean time, as the care of the nation muſt be left to us, it is neceſſary, that during this interval our prerogative, as Cenſor-General, ſhould be conſiderably extended, and that we ſhould be inveſted with the united power of lords and commons.

When we are entruſted with this important charge, we ſhall expect, that every different faction ſhall concur in our meaſures for the public utility; that whig and tory, high-church, and low-church, court and country, ſhall all unite in this common cauſe; and that oppoſite parties in the body politic, like the arms and legs in the body natural, ſhall move in concert, though they are on different ſides. In our papers, which we ſhall continue to publiſh on Thurſdays, under the title of THE CONNOISSEUR, every miſdemeanor ſhall be examined, and offenders called to the bar of the houſe. Be it therefore enacted, that theſe our orders and reſolutions have an equal authority with acts of parliament: as we doubt not, they will be of equal advantage to the community.

The extraordinary ſupplies requiſite for the ſervice of the current weeks, and for the ſupport of our own privy purſe, oblige us to demand of you, that a ſum, not exceeding two-pence, be levied weekly on each perſon, to be collected by our truſty and well-beloved the bookſellers. We muſt alſo particularly requeſt of you, that the ſame privilege and protection be extended to us, which is enjoyed by yourſelves, and is ſo very convenient to many of your honourable members. It is no leſs expedient, that we ſhould be ſecured from let or moleſtation: be it therefore provided, that no one preſume to arreſt or cauſe to be arreſted

reſted our perſon, or the perſons of our publiſher, printer, corrector, devil, or any other employed in our ſervice.

We have only to add, that you may rely on our care and diligence in diſcharging the high truſt repoſed in us, in ſuch manner as ſhall merit the thanks of the next parliament. We ſhall then recommend it to their conſideration, whether it would not be for the intereſt of theſe kingdoms, that we ſhould have a woolpack alloted us with the biſhops, or be allowed a perpetual ſeat among the commons, as the repreſentative of the whole people. But if this ſhould be deemed too great an honour, it will at leaſt be thought neceſſary, that we ſhould be occaſionally called in, like the judges, to give our opinion in caſes of importance.

TOWN, CONNOISSEUR,
CRITIC, and CENSOR-GENERAL.

T.

No. X. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

Νηπιον, ἐπω ἰιδοθ' ὁμοιιϝ πολεμοιο,
Οὐδ' ἀγορεων, ἰνα τ' ανδρες ἀριπρεπεες τελεθουσι. HOM.

What knows the ſtripling of the ſoldier's trade,
Beyond his regimentals and cockade?

LEARNING, as it poliſhes the mind, enlarges our ideas, and gives an ingenuous turn to our whole converſation and behaviour, has ever been eſteemed a liberal accompliſhment; and is, indeed, the principal characteriſtic, that diſtinguiſhes the gentleman from the mechanic.

This axiom being univerſally allowed, I have often obſerved with wonder the neglect of learning, that prevails among the gentlemen of the army; who, notwithſtanding their ſhameful deficiency in this main requiſite, are generally propoſed as the moſt exact models of good behaviour, and ſtandards of politeneſs.

The art of war is no eaſy ſtudy: it requires much la-

bour and application to go through what Milton calls "the rudiments of ſoldierſhip, in all the ſkill of embat-"tling, marching, encamping, fortifying, beſieging and "battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern "ſtratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims." With all theſe every officer ſhould undoubtedly be acquainted; for mere regimentals no more create a ſoldier, than the cowl makes a monk. But, I fear, the generality of our army have made little proficiency in the art they profeſs; have learnt little more than juſt to acquit themſelves with ſome decency at a review; have not ſtudied and examined, as they ought, the ancient and modern principles of war;

"Nor the diviſion of a battle know,
"More than a ſpinſter." SHAKES.

Beſides the ſtudy of the art of the war itſelf, there are many collateral branches of literature; of which, as gentlemen and as ſoldiers, they ſhould not be ignorant. Whoever bears a commiſſion in the army, ſhould be well read in hiſtory. The examples of Alexander, Cæſar, or Marlborough, however illuſtrious, are of little concern to the generality of readers, but are ſet up as ſo many land-marks, to direct thoſe who are purſuing the ſame courſe to glory. A thorough knowledge of hiſtory would furniſh a commander with true courage, inſpire him with an honeſt emulation of his anceſtors, and teach him to gain a victory without ſhedding blood.

Poetry too, more eſpecially that of the ancients, ſeems particularly calculated for the peruſal of thoſe concerned in war. The ſubject of the Iliad is entirely martial; and the principal characters are diſtinguiſhed from each other chiefly by their different exertion of the ſingle quality of courage. It was, I ſuppoſe, on account of this martial ſpirit, which breathes throughout the Iliad, that Alexander was ſo captivated with it, that he is ſaid to have laid it every night under his pillow. The principal character in the Æneid is a general of remarkable piety and courage; and great part of the poem is made up of war. Theſe ſtudies cannot ſurely fail of animating a modern

modern breaſt, which often kindled ſuch a noble ardour in the ancients.

If we look into the lives of the greateſt generals of antiquity, we ſhall find them no mean proficients in ſcience. They led their armies to victory by their courage, and ſupported the ſtate by their counſels. They revered the ſame Pallas, as the goddeſs of war and wiſdom; and the Spartans in particular, before they entered on an engagement, always ſacrificed to the Muſes. The exhortations, given by commanders before the onſet, are ſome of the moſt animated pieces of oratory in all antiquity, and frequently produced aſtoniſhing effects, rouſing the ſoldiers from deſpair, and hurrying them on to victory. An illiterate commander would have been the contempt of Greece and Rome. *Tully*, indeed, was called the learned Conſul in deriſion; but then, as *Dryden* obſerves, "his head was turned another way. When he read "the tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his "field of battle." I am particularly pleaſed with the character of Scipio Æmilianus as drawn by Velleius Paterculus, and would recommend it to the ſerious imitation of our modern officers. He was ſo great an admirer of liberal ſtudies, that he always retained the moſt eminent wits in his camp: nor did any one fill up the intervals of buſineſs with more elegance, retiring from war only to cultivate the arts of peace; always employed in arms or ſtudy, always exerciſing his body with perils, or diſciplining his mind with ſcience. The author contraſts this amiable pourtrait with a deſcription of Mummius; a general ſo little verſed in the polite arts, that having taken at Corinth ſeveral pictures and ſtatues of the greateſt artiſts, he threatened the perſons, who were intruſted with the carriage of them to Italy, "that if they loſt thoſe, "they ſhould give new ones."

I would fain have a Britiſh officer looked upon with as much deference as thoſe of Greece and Rome: But while they neglect the acquiſition of the ſame accompliſhments, they will never meet with the ſame reſpect. Inſtead of cultivating their minds, they are wholly taken up in adorning their bodies, and look upon gallantry and intrigue

trigue as eſſential parts of their character. To glitter in the boxes or at an aſſembly, is the full diſplay of their politeneſs, and to be the life and ſoul of a lewd brawl, almoſt the only exertion of their courage; inſomuch that there is a good deal of juſtice in Macheath's raillery, when he ſays, "if it was not for us, and the other gentleman of "the ſword, Drury-Lane would be uninhabited."

It is ſomething ſtrange, that officers ſhould want any inducement to acquire ſo gentleman-like an accompliſhment as learning. If they imagine it would derogate from their good-breeding, or call off their attention from military buſineſs, they are miſtaken. Pedantry is no more connected with learning, than raſhneſs with courage. Cæſar, who was the fineſt gentleman and the greateſt general, was alſo the beſt ſcholar of his age.

To ſay the truth, learning wears a more amiable aſpect and winning air in courts and camps, whenever it appears there, than amid the gloom of colleges and cloiſters. Mixing in genteel life files off the ruſt that may have been contracted by ſtudy, and wears out any little oddneſs or peculiarity, that may be acquired in the cloſet. For this reaſon the officer is more inexcuſable, who neglects an accompliſhment, that would ſit ſo gracefully upon him: for this reaſon too, we pay ſo great deference to thoſe few, who have enriched their minds with the treaſures of antiquity. An illiterate officer either hardens into a bravo, or refines into a fop. The inſipidity of the fop is utterly contemptible, and a rough brutal courage, unpoliſhed by ſcience and unaſſiſted by reaſon, has no more claim to heroiſm, than the caſe-hardened valour of a bruiſer or prize-fighter. Agreeable to this notion, Homer in the fifth Iliad repreſents the goddeſs Minerva as wounding Mars, and driving the heavy deity off the field of battle; implying allegorically, that wiſdom is capable of ſubduing courage.

I would flatter myſelf, that Britiſh minds are ſtill as noble, and Britiſh genius as exuberant, as thoſe of any other nation or age whatever; but that ſome are debaſed by luxury, and others run wild for want of proper cultivation. If Athens can boaſt her Miltiades, Themiſtocles, &c. Rome her Camillus, Fabius, Cæſar, &c. England has

has had her Edwards, Henrys, and Malbouroughs. It is to be hoped the time will come, when learning will be reckoned as neceſſary to qualify a man for the army, as for the bar or pulpit. Then we may expect to ſee the Britiſh ſoldiery enter on the field of battle, as on a theatre, for which they are prepared in the parts they are to act. "They will not then, (as Milton expreſſes himſelf with "his uſual ſtrength in his Treatiſe on Education) if in-"truſted with fair and hopeful armies, ſuffer them, for "want of juſt and wiſe diſcipline, to ſhed away from "about them like ſick feathers, though they be never ſo "oft ſupplied: They would not ſuffer their empty and "unrecruitable colonels of twenty men in a company, to "quaff out, or convey into ſecret hoards, the wages of a "deluſive liſt and a miſerable remnant; yet in the mean "while to be over-maſtered with a ſcore or two of drun-"kards, the only ſoldierly left about them, or elſe to com-"ply with all rapines and violences. No certainly, IF "THEY KNEW OUGHT OF THAT KNOWLEDGE, THAT "BELONGS TO GOOD MEN AND GOOD GOVERNORS, "they would not ſuffer theſe things."

O

No. XI. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1754.

——Pallas quas condidit arces VIRG.
Ipſa colat.——

Let Pallas dwell in towers herſelf has rais'd.

THE principal character in Steele's comedy of the Lying Lover is young Bookwit; an Oxonian, who at once throws off the habit and manners of an academic, and aſſumes the dreſs, air, and converſation of a man of the town. He is, like other fine gentlemen, a coxcomb; but a coxcomb of learning and parts. His erudition he renders ſubſervient to his pleaſures: his knowledge in poetry qualifies him for a ſonnetteer, his rhetoric to ſay fine things to the ladies, and his philoſophy to regulate his equipage; for

for he talks of having "Peripatetic footmen, a follower "of Aſtrippus for a valet de chambre, an Epicurean "cook, with an Hermetical chymiſt (who are good only "at making fires) for a ſcullion." Thus he is, in every particular, a fop of letters, a compleat claſſical beau.

By a review I have lately made of the people in this great metropolis, as Cenſor, I find that the town ſwarms with Bookwits. The playhouſes, park, taverns, and coffee-houſes are thronged with them. Their manner, which has ſomething in it very characteriſtic, and different from the town-bred coxcombs, diſcovers them to the ſlighteſt obſerver. It is, indeed, no eaſy matter for one, whoſe chief employment is to ſtore his mind with new ideas, to throw that happy vacancy, that total abſence of thought and reflection, into his countenance, ſo remarkable in our modern fine gentleman. The ſame lownging air too, that paſſes for genteel in an univerſity coffee-houſe, is ſoon diſtinguiſhed from the genuine careleſs loll, and eaſy ſaunter; and bring us over to the notion of Sir Wilful in The way of the world, "that a man ſhould be "bound prentice to a maker of fops, before he ventures to "ſet up for himſelf."

Yet, in ſpite of all theſe diſadvantages, the love of pleaſure, and a few ſupernumerary guineas, draw the ſtudent from his literary employment, and entice him to this theatre of noiſe and hurry, this grand mart of luxury; where, as long as his purſe can ſupply him, he may be as idle and debauched as he pleaſes. I could not help ſmiling at a dialogue between two of theſe gentlemen, which I overheard a few nights ago at the Bedford coffee-houſe. "Ha! Jack! (ſays one accoſting the other) "is it you? How long have you been in town?"—'Two hours.'—"How long do you ſtay?—'Ten gui-'neas.—If you'll come to Venable's after the play is 'over, you'll find Tom Latine, Bob Claſſic, and two or 'three more, who will be very glad to ſee you. What 'you're in town upon the ſober plan at your father's? 'But hearkye Frank, if you'll call in, I'll tell your friend 'Harris to prepare for you, So your ſervant; for I'm go-'ing

‘ing to meet the fineſt girl upon town in the green ‘boxes.”

I left the coffee-houſe pretty late; and as I came into the piazza, the fire in the Bedford-Arms kitchen blazed ſo chearfully and invitingly before me, that I was eaſily perſuaded by a friend who was with me, to end the evening at that houſe. Our good fortune led us into the next room to this knot of academical rakes. Their merriment being pretty boiſterous, gave us a good pretext to enquire, what company were in the next room. The waiter told us, with a ſmartneſs which thoſe fellows frequently contract from attending on beaux and wits, “ ſome gentle-“men from Oxford with ſome ladies, ſir. My maſter “ is always very glad to ſee them; for while they ſtay in “ town, they never dine or ſup out of his houſe, and eat “ and drink, and pay better, than any nobleman.”

As it grew later, they grew louder: ’till at length an unhappy diſpute aroſe between two of the company, concerning the preſent grand conteſt between the Old and the new intereſt, which has lately inflamed Oxfordſhire. This accident might have been attended with ugly conſequences: but as the ladies are great enemies to quarrelling, unleſs themſelves are the occaſion, a good-natured female of the company interpoſed, and quelled their animoſity. By the mediation of this fair one, the diſpute ended very faſhionably, in a bet of a dozen of claret, to be drank there by the company then preſent, whenever the wager ſhould be decided. There was ſomething ſo extraordinary in their whole evening’s converſation, ſuch an odd mixture of the town and univerſity, that I am perſuaded, if Sir Richard had been witneſs to it, he could have wrought it into a ſcene as lively and entertaining, as any he has left us.

The whole time theſe lettered beaux remain in London, is ſpent in a continual round of diverſion. Their ſphere, indeed, is ſomewhat confined; for they generally eat, drink, and ſleep within the precincts of Covent-Garden. I remember I once ſaw, at a public inn on the road to Oxford, a journal of the town tranſactions of one of theſe ſparks; who had recorded them on a window-

pane

pane for the example and imitation of his fellow-ſtudents. I ſhall preſent my reader with an exact copy of this curious journal, as nearly as I can remember.

Monday—Rode to town in ſix hours—ſaw the two laſt acts of Hamlet—At night, with Polly Brown.

Tueſday—Saw Harlequin Sorcerer—At night, Polly again.

Wedneſday—Saw Macbeth—At night, with Sally Parker, Polly engaged.

Thurſday—Saw the Suſpicious Huſband—At night, Polly again.

Friday—Set out at twelve o'clock for Oxford—a damn'd muzzy place.

There are no ſet of mortals more joyous than theſe occaſional rakes, whoſe pride it is to gallop up to town once or twice in the year with their quarterage in their pockets, and in a few days to ſquander it away in the higheſt ſcenes of luxury and debauchery. The tavern, the theatre, and the bagnio, engroſs the chief part of their attention; and it is conſtantly *Polly again* with them, till their finances are quite exhauſted, and they are obliged to return (as Bookwit has it) "to ſmall beer and three halfpenny "commons."

I ſhall enlarge no further on this ſubject at preſent, but conclude theſe reflections with an Ode, which I have received from an unknown correſpondent. He tells me, it was lately ſent from an academical friend to one of theſe gentlemen, who had reſigned himſelf wholly to theſe polite enjoyments, and ſeemed to have forgot his connexions with the univerſity. All, who peruſe this elegant little piece, will, I doubt not, thank me for inſerting it; and the learned reader will have the additional pleaſure of admiring it as an humourous imitation of Horace.

Iccî, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, &c. L. I. Ode xxix.

SO you, my friend, at laſt are caught——
Where could you get ſo ſtrange a thought,
In mind and body ſound?

All

All meaner ſtudies you reſign,
Your whole ambition now to ſhine
The beau of the beau-monde.

Say, gallant youth, what well-known name
Shall ſpread the triumphs of your fame
Through all the realms of Drury?
How will you ſtrike the gaping cit?
What tavern ſhall record your wit?
What watchmen mourn your fury?

What ſprightly imp of Gallic breed
Shall have the culture of your head,
(I mean the outward part)
Form'd by his parent's early care
To range in niceſt curls his hair,
And wield the puff with art?

No more let mortals toil in vain,
By wiſe conjecture to explain
What rolling time will bring:
Thames to his ſource may upwards flow,
Or Garrick fix foot high may grow,
Or witches thrive at Tring:

Since you each better promiſe break,
Once fam'd for ſlov'nlineſs and Greek,
Now turn'd a very Paris,
For lace and velvet quit your gown,
The Stagyrite for Mr. Town,
For Drury-Lane St. Mary's.

No. XII. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

Nec verò hæ ſine ſorte datæ, ſine judice ſedes. VIRG.

Nor ſhall the four-leg'd culprit 'ſcape the law,
But at the bar hold up the guilty paw.

TURNING over the laſt volume of Lord Bolingbroke's works a few days ago, I could not help ſmiling at his lordſhip's extraordinary manner of commenting on ſome parts of the Scriptures. Among the reſt he repre-

ſents Moſes, as making beaſts accountable to the community for crimes, as well as men: whence his lordſhip infers, that the Jewiſh legiſlator ſuppoſed them capable of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong, and acting as moral agents. The oddity of this remark led me to reflect, if ſuch an opinion ſhould prevail in any country, what whimſical laws would be enacted, and how ridiculous they would appear, when put in execution. As if the horſe, that carried the highwaymen, ſhould be arraigned for taking a purſe, or a dog indicted for feloniouſly ſtealing a ſhoulder of mutton. Such a country would ſeem to go upon the ſame principles, and to entertain the ſame notions of juſtice, as the puritanical old woman, that hanged her cat for killing mice on the ſabbath-day.

Theſe reflections were continued afterwards in my ſleep; when methought ſuch proceedings were common in our own courts of judicature. I imagined myſelf in a ſpacious hall like the Old Bailey, where they were preparing to try ſeveral animals, who had been guilty of offences againſt the laws of the land. The walls, I obſerved, were hung all round with bulls-hides, ſheep-ſkins, foxes-tails, and the ſpoils of other brute malefactors; and over the juſtice-ſeat, where the king's arms are commonly placed, there was fixed a large ſtag's-head, which over-ſhadowed the magiſtrate with its branching horns. I took particular notice, that the galleries were very much crouded with ladies: which I could not tell how to account for, 'till I found it was expected, that a goat would that day be tried for a rape.

The ſeſſions ſoon opened; and the firſt priſoner that was brought to the bar, was a Hog, who was proſecuted at the ſuit of the Jews on an indictment for burglary, in breaking into their ſynagogue. As it was apprehended, that religion might be affected by this cauſe, and as the proſecution appeared to be malicious, the Hog, though the fact was plainly proved againſt him, to the great joy of all true Chriſtians, was allowed *benefit of clergy*.

An indictment was next brought againſt a Cat for killing a favourite canary-bird. This offender belonged to an old woman, who was believed by the neighbourhood to

be

be a witch. The jury, therefore, were unanimous in their opinion, that ſhe was the devil in that ſhape, and brought her in guilty. Upon which the judge formally pronounced ſentence upon her, which I remember concluded with theſe words: "You muſt be carried to the "place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the "neck nine times, 'till you are dead, dead, dead, dead, "dead, dead, dead, dead, dead; and the fidlers have "mercy upon your guts."

A Parrot was next tried for *ſcandalum magnatum*. He was accuſed by the chief magiſtrate of the city, and the whole court of aldermen, for defaming them, as they paſſed along the ſtreet, on a public feſtival, by ſinging "Room for cuckolds, here comes a great company; "Room for cuckolds, here comes my lord mayor." This parrot was a very old offender; much addicted to ſcurrillity; and had been ſeveral times convicted of profane curſing and ſwearing. He had even the impudence to abuſe the whole court by calling the jury rogues and raſcals; and frequently interrupted my lord judge in ſumming up the evidence, by crying out "old bitch." The court, however, was pleaſed to ſhew mercy to him, upon the petition of his miſtreſs, a ſtrict Methodiſt; who gave bail for his good behaviour, and delivered him over to Mr. Whitfield, who undertook to make a thorough convert of him.

After this a Fox was indicted for robbing an hen-rooſt. Many farmers appeared againſt him, who depoſed, that he was a very notorious thief, and had long been the terror of ducks, geeſe, turkies, and all other poultry. He had infeſted the country a long time, and had often been perſued, but they could never take him before. As the evidence was very full againſt him, the jury readily brought him in guilty; and the judge was proceeding to condemn him, when the ſly villain, watering his bruſh, flirted it in the face of the jailer, and made off. Upon this a country ſquire, who was preſent, hollowed out *ſtole away*, and an hue and cry was immediately ſent after him.

When the uproar, which this occaſioned, was over, a Milch-Aſs was brought to the bar, and tried for contu-

meliouſly braying, as ſhe ſtood at the door of a ſick lady of quality. It appeared, that this lady was terribly afflicted with the vapours, and could not bear the leaſt noiſe; had the knocker always tied up, and ſtraw laid in the ſtreet. Notwithſtanding which, this audacious creature uſed every morning to give her foul language, which broke her reſt, and flung her into hyſterics. For this repeated abuſe the criminal was ſentenced to the pillory, and ordered to loſe her ears.

An information was next laid againſt a ſhepherd's Dog upon the game-act for poaching. He was accuſed of killing an hare, without being properly qualified. But the plaintiff thought it adviſeable to quaſh the indictment, as the owner of the dog had a vote to ſell at the next election.

There now came on a very important cauſe, in which ſix of the moſt eminent council learned in the law were retained on each ſide. A Monkey, belonging to a lady of the firſt rank and faſhion, was indicted, for that he with malice prepenſe did commit wilful murder on the body of a lap-dog. The council for the proſecutor ſet forth, that the unfortunate deceaſed came on a viſit with another lady; when the priſoner at the bar, without the leaſt provocation, and contrary to the laws of hoſpitality, perpetrated this inhuman fact. The council for the priſoner, being called upon to make the monkey's defence, pleaded his privilege, and inſiſted on his being tried by his peers. This plea was admitted; and a jury of beaux was immediately impanelled, who without going out of court honourably acquitted him.

The proceedings were here interrupted by an Hound, who came jumping into the hall, and running to the juſtice-ſeat, lifted up his leg againſt the judge's robe. For this contemptuous behaviour, he was directly ordered into cuſtody; when to our great ſurpriſe he caſt his ſkin, and became an oſtrich; and preſently after ſhed his feathers, and terrified us in the ſhaggy figure of a bear. Then he was a lion, then an horſe, then again a baboon; and after many other amazing transformations, leaped

out

out an harlequin, and before they could take hold of him, ſkipped away to Covent-Garden theatre.

It would be tedious to recount the particulars of ſeveral other trials. A ſportſman brought an action againſt a Race-Horſe, for running on the wrong ſide of the poſt, by which he loſt the plate and many conſiderable bets. For this the criminal was ſentenced to be burnt in the forehand, and to be whipt at the cart's-tail. A mare would have undergone the ſame puniſhment, for throwing her rider in a ſtag-hunt, but eſcaped by pleading her belly; upon which a jury of grooms was impannelled, who brought her in quick. The company of dogs and monkeys, together, with the dancing bears, who were taken up on the licence-act, and indicted for ſtrollers, were tranſported for life.

The laſt trial was for high treaſon. A lion, who had been long confined as a ſtate-priſoner in the Tower, having broken jail, had appeared in open rebellion, and committed ſeveral acts of violence on his majeſty's liege-ſubjects. As this was a noble animal, and a prince of the blood in his own native country, he was condemned to be beheaded. It came into my thoughts, that this lion's head might vie with that famous one, formerly erected at Button's for the ſervice of the Guardian: I was accordingly going to petition for leave to put it up in Macklin's new coffee-houſe; when methought the lion, ſetting up a moſt horrible roar, broke his chains, and put the whole court to flight; and I awaked in the utmoſt conſternation, juſt as I imagined he had got me in his gripe.

W

No. XIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

—— Commotâ fervet plebecula bile. PERSIUS.

Inſpir'd by freedom, and election ale,
The patriot-mob at courts and placemen rail.

I SHALL this day preſent my readers with a letter, which I have received from my couſin Village; who, as I informed them in my firſt paper, has undertaken to ſend me an account of every thing remarkable, that paſſes in the country.

Dear Couſin,

I HAVE not been unmindful of the province, which you was pleaſed to allot me: but the whole country has been lately ſo much taken up with the buſineſs of elections, that nothing has fallen under my notice, but debates, ſquabbles, and drunken rencounters. The ſpirit of party prevails ſo univerſally, that the very children are inſtructed to liſp the names of the favourite chiefs of each faction; and I have more than once been in danger of being knocked off my horſe, as I rode peaceably on, becauſe I did not declare with which party I ſided, though I knew nothing at all of either. Every petty village abounds with the moſt profound ſtateſmen: it is common to ſee our ruſtic politicians aſſembling after ſermon, and ſettling the good of their country acroſs a tomb-ſtone, like ſo many *dictators from the plough*; and almoſt every cottage can boaſt its patriot, who, like the old Roman, would not exchange his turnip for a bribe.

I am at preſent in ——, where the election is juſt coming on, and the whole town conſequently in an uproar. They have for ſeveral parliaments returned two members, who recommended themſelves by conſtantly oppoſing the court: but there came down a few days ago a banker from London, who has offered himſelf a candidate, and is backed with the moſt powerful of all intereſts, money. Nothing has been ſince thought of but

but feaſting and revelling; and both parties ſtrive to outdo each other in the frequency and expence of their entertainments. This, indeed, is the general method made uſe of to gain the favour of electors, and manifeſt a zeal for the conſtitution. I have known a candidate depend more upon the ſtrength of his liquor than his arguments; and the merits of a treat has often recommended a member, who has had no merits of his own. For it is certain, that people, however they may differ in other points, are unanimous in promoting the grand buſineſs of eating and drinking.

It is impoſſible to give a particular account of the various diſorders occaſioned by the conteſts in this town. The ſtreets ring with the different cry of each party; and every hour produces a ballad, a ſet of querries, or a ſerious addreſs to the worthy electors. I have ſeen the mayor with half the corporation roaring, hollowing, and reeling along the ſtreets, and yet threatening to clap a poor fellow into the ſtocks for making the ſame noiſe, only becauſe he would not vote as they do. It is no wonder, that the ſtrongeſt connexions ſhould be broken, and the moſt intimate friends ſet at variance, through their difference of opinions. Not only the men, but their wives are alſo engaged in the ſame quarrel. Mr. Staunch the haberdaſher uſed to ſmoke his pipe conſtantly, in the ſame kitchen corner every evening, at the ſame alehouſe, with his neighbour Mr. Veer the chandler, while their ladies chatted together at the ſtreet-door: but now the huſbands never ſpeak to each other; and conſequently Mrs. Veer goes a quarter of a mile for her inkle and tape, rather than deal at Mr. Staunch's ſhop; and Mrs. Staunch declares, ſhe would go without her tea, though ſhe has always been uſed to it twice a-day, rather fetch her half-quartern from that turn-coat Veer's.

Wherever politics are introduced, religion is always drawn into the quarrel. The town I have been ſpeaking of, is divided into two parties, who are diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Chriſtians and Jews. The Jews, it ſeems, are thoſe, who are in the intereſt of a nobleman, who gave his vote for paſſing the Jew-bill, and are held

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in abomination by the Chriſtians. The zeal of the latter is ſtill further inflamed by the vicar, who every Sunday thunders out his anathemas, and preaches up the pious doctrine of perſecution. In this he is ſeconded by the clerk, who is careful to enforce the arguments from the pulpit, by ſelecting ſtaves proper for the occaſion.

This truly Chriſtian ſpirit is no where more manifeſt than at their public feaſts. I was at one of their dinners, where I found great variety of pig-meat was provided. The table was covered from one end to the other with hams, legs of pork, ſparibs, griſkins, haſlets, feet and ears, brawn, and the like. In the middle there ſmoked a large barbicued hog, which was ſoon devoured to the bone, ſo deſirous was every one to prove his Chriſtianity, by the quantity he could ſwallow of that Anti-Judaic food. After dinner there was brought in, by way of deſert, a diſh of hogs puddings; but as I have a diſlike to that kind of diet, (though not from any ſcruple of conſcience) I was regarded as little better than a Jew for declining to eat of them.

The great ſupport of this party is an old neighbouring knight; who, ever ſince the late naturalization-act, has conceived a violent antipathy to the Jews, and takes every opportunity of railing at the above-mentioned nobleman. Sir Rowland ſwears, that his lordſhip is worſe than Judas, that he is actually circumciſed, and that the chapel in his houſe is turned into a ſynagogue. The knight had never been ſeen in a church 'till the late clamour about the Jew-bill; but he now attends it regularly every Sunday, where he devoutly takes his nap all the ſervice: and he lately beſtowed the beſt living in his gift, which he had before promiſed to his chaplain, on one whom he had never ſeen, but had read his name in the title-page to a ſermon againſt the Jews. He turned off his butler, who had lived with him many years, (and whoſe only crime was a ſwarthy complexion), becauſe the dog looked like a Jew. He feeds hogs in his park and the court-yard, and has guinea-pigs in his parlour. Every Saturday he has an hunt, becauſe it is the Jewiſh ſabbath; and in the evening he is ſure to get drunk with the

the vicar in defence of religion. As he is in the commiſſion, he ordered a poor Jew pedlar, who came to hawk goods at his houſe, to Bridewell; and he was once going to ſend a little pariſh-boy to the ſame place, for preſuming to play in his worſhip's hearing on that unchriſtian-like inſtrument the Jews-harp.

The fair-ſex here are no leſs ambitious of diſplaying their affection for the ſame cauſe; and they manifeſt their ſentiments by the colour and faſhion of their dreſs. Their zeal more particularly ſhews itſelf in a variety of poſies for rings, buckles, knots, and garters. I obſerved the other night at the aſſembly, that the ladies ſeemed to vie with each other, in hanging out the enſigns of the faith in orthodox ribbands, bearing the inſcription of 'No Jews, Chriſtianity for ever.' They likewiſe wore little croſſes at their breaſts; their *pompons* were formed into crucifixes, their knots diſpoſed in the ſame angles, and ſo many parts of their habits moulded in to that ſhape, that the whole aſſembly looked like the court on St. Andrew's day. It was remarkable that the vicar's lady, who is a thorough-paced high-churchwoman, was more religious in the decorations of her dreſs than any of the company; and, indeed, ſhe was ſo ſtuck over from head to foot with croſſes, that a wag juſtly compared her to an old Popiſh monument in a Gothic cathedral.

I ſhall conclude my letter with the relation of an adventure, that happened to myſelf at my firſt coming into this town. I intended to put up at the Catherine-Wheel, as I had often uſed the houſe before, and knew the landlord to be a good civil kind of fellow. I accordingly turned my horſe into the yard; when to my great ſurprize the landlord, as ſoon as he ſaw me, gave me an hearty curſe, and told me I might go about my buſineſs, "for, indeed, he would not entertain any ſuch raſcals." Upon this he ſaid ſomething to two or three ſtrapping country-fellows, who immediately came towards me; and if I had not rode away directly, I ſhould have met with a very rough ſalutation from their horſe-whips. I could not imagine what offence I had committed, that could give occaſion for ſuch ill uſage, 'till I heard the maſ-

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ter of the inn hollowing out after me, "that's the ſcoun-"drel that came here ſome time ago with Tom T'other-"ſide;" who, I have ſince learnt, is an agent for the other party.

T I am, dear couſin, yours, &c.

No. XIV. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

——— Tum in lecto quoque videres
Stridere ſecretâ diviſos aure ſuſurros.
Nullos his mallem ludos ſpectaſſe. Sed illa
Redde age, quæ deinceps riſiſti. HOR.

Imparted to each laughter-loving fair,
The whizzing whiſper glides from chair to chair;
And e'er the conſcious ear receives it half,
With titterings they betray the ſtifled laugh.
Such giggling glee!—what farce ſo full of mirth!—
But tell the tickling cauſe that gave it birth.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

AS the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inſerted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if by laying before you a particular inſtance I was lately witneſs to of their improper behaviour, I endeavour to expoſe a reigning evil, which ſubjects them to many ſhameful imputations.

I received laſt week a dinner-card from a friend, with an intimation that I ſhould meet ſome very agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company conſiſted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honour to riſe, but quite diſconcerted me in paying my reſpects, by their whiſpering each other, and appearing to ſtifle a laugh. When I was ſeated, the ladies grouped themſelves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, ſeemingly to diſcourſe upon points of great ſecreſy and importance, but of equal merriment and diverſion.

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The ſame conduct of keeping cloſe to their ranks was obſerved at table, where the ladies ſeated themſelves together. Their converſation was here alſo confined wholly to themſelves, and ſeemed like the myſteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any ſhare. It was a continued laugh and whiſper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole ſentence was ſcarce ever ſpoken aloud. Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth; ſuch as odious, horrible, deteſtable, ſhocking, *humbug*. This laſt new-coined expreſſion, which is only to be found in the nonſenſical vocabulary, ſounds abſurd and diſagreeable, whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is "ſhocking, de-"teſtable, horrible, and odious."

My friend ſeemed to be in an uneaſy ſituation at his own table: but I was far more miſerable. I was mute, and ſeldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for ſmall beer, leſt by ſome aukward geſture I might draw upon me a whiſper or a laugh. Sancho, when he was forbid to eat a delicious banquet ſet before him, could ſcarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might poſſibly encreaſe the mirth of my tormenters: at leaſt their joy ſeemed to riſe in exact proportion with my miſery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand whiſpering, like the two kings of Brentford.

Modeſt men, Mr. Town, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themſelves the objects of ridicule or contempt: and the pain is the greater, when it is given by thoſe whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we muſt allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognoſtics of future kindneſs. If a lady ſtrikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Goſpel, and turn the other cheek to be ſmitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleaſure. But this battery of whiſpers is againſt all legal rights of war;——poiſoned arrows, and ſtabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

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If the miſconduct, which I have deſcribed, had been only to be found, Mr. Town, at my friend's table, I ſhould not have troubled you with this letter: but the ſame kind of ill-breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and the whiſperers are innumerable; they beſet us wherever we go; and it is obſervable, that after a ſhort murmur of whiſpers out comes the buſt of laughter: like a gun-powder ſerpent, which, after hiſſing about for ſome time, goes off in a bounce.

Modern writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very ſevere upon the reſt of the company; but all his waggery is ſpoken *aſide*. Theſe gigglers and whiſperers ſeem to be acting the ſame part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whiſpers; the dropping of a ſnuff-box, or ſpilling the tea, is ſure to be accompanied with a titter; and upon the entrance of any one with ſomething particular in his perſon or manner, I have ſeen a whole room in a buzz like a bee-hive.

This practice of whiſpering, if it is any where allowable, may perhaps be indulged the fair-ſex at church, where the converſation can only be carried on by the ſecret ſymbols of a curtſy, an ogle, or a nod. A whiſper in this place is very often of great uſe, as it ſerves to convey the moſt ſecret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burſt with, if ſhe could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confeſſion. A piece of ſcandal tranſpires in this manner from one pew to another, then preſently whizzes along the chancel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, 'till at laſt the whole church hums with it.

It were alſo to be wiſhed, that the ladies would be pleaſed to confine themſelves to whiſpering, in their *tête-à-tête* conferences at the opera or the play-houſe; which would be a proper deference to the reſt of the audience. In France, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air; but we ſeem to have carried this cuſtom ſtill further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themſelves in the leaſt with the play, are even louder than the players. The

wit and humour of a Vanburgh or a Congreve is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two perſons of faſhion; and a love-ſcene in the ſide-box has often been more attended to, than that on the ſtage. As to their loud burſts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excuſed, when they are excited by any lively ſtrokes in a comedy: but I have ſeen our ladies titter at the moſt diſtreſsful ſcenes in Romeo and Juliet, grin over the anguiſh of a Monimia or Belvidera, and fairly laugh King Lear off the ſtage.

Thus the whole behaviour of theſe ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they ſhould cry, are loud when they ſhould be ſilent, and are ſilent when their converſation is deſirable. If a man in a ſelect company was thus to laugh or whiſper me out of countenance, I ſhould be apt to conſtrue it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would deſire them to reflect how much they would ſuffer, if their own weapons were turned againſt them, and the gentlemen ſhould attack them with the ſame arts of laughing and whiſpering. But, however free they may be from our reſentment, they are ſtill open to ill-natured ſuſpicions. They do not conſider, what ſtrange conſtructions may be put on theſe laughs and whiſpers. It were, indeed, of little conſequence, if we only imagined, that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abuſing the company round; but when they indulged themſelves in this behaviour, ſome perhaps may be led to conclude, that they are diſcourſing upon topics, which they are aſhamed to ſpeak of in a leſs private manner.

Some excuſe may perhaps be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair-ſex. Venus, the goddeſs of beauty, is frequently called the laughter-loving dame; and by laughing our modern ladies may poſſibly imagine, that they render themſelves like Venus. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjuſt their laugh to their perſons, and are merry in proportion as it ſets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a ſmile or a ſimper, becauſe nothing elſe

ſhews her dimples to ſo much advantage; another, who has a very fine ſet of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well-turned neck and graceful cheſt, calls up all her beauties to view, by breaking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I would not be underſtood to impoſe gravity or too great a reſerve on the fair-ſex. Let them laugh at a feather; but let them declare openly, that it is a feather which occaſions their mirth. I muſt confeſs, that laughter becomes the young, the gay, and the handſome: but a whiſper is unbecoming at all ages and in both ſexes; nor ought it ever to be practiſed, except in the round gallery at St. Paul's, or in the famous whiſpering place in Glouceſter cathedral, where two whiſperers hear each other at the diſtance of five and twenty yards.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

K. L.

No. XV. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

——Tu dic, mecum quo pignore certes. VIRG.

Name your bet.

A FRIEND of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, acquaints me, that the revenue ariſing from the duty on cards and dice continues to increaſe every year, and that it now brings in near ſix times more than it did at firſt. This will not appear very wonderful, when we conſider, that gaming is now become rather the buſineſs than amuſement of our perſons of quality; and that they are more concerned about the tranſactions of the two clubs at White's, than the proceedings of both houſes of parliament. Thus it happens, that eſtates are now almoſt as frequently made over by whiſt and hazard, as by deeds and ſettlements; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be ſaid (like Count Baſſet's in the play) "to "roll upon the four aces."

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This love of gaming has taken ſuch entire poſſeſſion of their ideas, that it infects their common converſation. The management of a diſpute was formerly attempted by reaſon and argument; but the new way of adjuſting all difference in opinion is by the ſword or a wager: ſo that the only genteel method of diſſenting is to riſk a thouſand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The ſtrange cuſtom of deciding every thing by a wager is ſo univerſal, that if (in imitation of Swift) any body was to publiſh a ſpecimen of Polite Converſation, inſtead of old ſayings and trite repartees, he would in all probability fill his dialogues with little more than bet after bet, and now or then a calculation of the odds.

White's, the preſent grand ſcene of theſe tranſactions, was formerly diſtinguiſhed by gallantry and intrigue. During the publication of the Tatler, Sir Richard Steele thought proper to date all his love-news from that quarter: but it would now be as abſurd to pretend to gather any ſuch intelligence from White's, as to ſend to Batſon's for a lawyer, or to the Rolls coffee-houſe for a man-midwife.

The gentlemen, who now frequent this place, profeſs a kind of univerſal ſcepticiſm; and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the iſſue upon a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been loſt upon the colour of a coach-horſe, an article in the news, or the change of the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to perſons not in the leaſt related to the family it was born in; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, beſides the parties immediately concerned.

But the moſt extraordinary part of this faſhionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called PITTING *one man againſt another*; that is, in plain Engliſh, wagering which of the two will live longeſt. In this manner, people of the moſt oppoſite characters make up the ſubject of a bet. A player perhaps is pitted againſt a duke, an alderman againſt a biſhop, or a pimp with a

privy-counſellor. There is ſcarce one remarkable perſon, upon whoſe life there are not many thouſand pounds depending; or one perſon of quality, whoſe death will not leave ſeveral of theſe kind of mortgages upon his eſtate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the ſubject of many bets, occaſion very ſerious reflections in thoſe, who have ventured large ſums on his life and death. Thoſe, who would be gainers by his deceaſe, upon every ſlight indiſpoſition, watch all the ſtages of his illneſs, and are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other ſides are very ſolicitous about his recovery, ſend every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him, as a clergyman's wife does of her huſband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the conſtitution of a porter, upon whoſe life very great odds were laid; but when the perſon he was pitted againſt, was expected to die every week, this man ſhot himſelf through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.

Though moſt of our follies are imported from France, this has had its riſe and progreſs entirely in England. In the laſt illneſs of Lewis the Fourteenth, Lord Stair laid a wager on his death; and we may gueſs what the French thought of it, from the manner in which Voltaire mentions it in his Siêcle de Louis XIV. "Le Roi fut attaqué vers le milieu du mois d'Août. Le Comte de Stair, ambaſſadeur d'Angleterre, PARIA, *ſelon le génie de ſa nation*, que le Roi ne paſſeroit pas le mois de Septembre."—"The King, ſays he, was taken ill about the middle of Auguſt; when Lord Stair, the ambaſſador from England, BETTED, *according to the genius of his nation*, that the King would not live beyond September."

I am in ſome pain, leſt this cuſtom ſhould get among the ladies. They are at preſent very deep in cards and dice; and while my lord is gaming abroad, her ladyſhip has her rout at home. I am inclined to ſuſpect, that our women of faſhion will alſo learn to divert themſelves with this polite practice of laying wages. A birth-day ſuit, the

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age of a beauty, who invented a particular faſhion, or who were ſuppoſed to be together at the laſt maſquerade, would frequently give occaſion for bets. This would alſo afford them a new method for the ready propagation of ſcandal; as the truth of ſeveral ſtories, which are continually flying about the town, would naturally be brought to the ſame teſt. Should they proceed further to ſtake the lives of their acquaintance againſt each other, they would doubtleſs, bet with the ſame fearleſs ſpirit, as they are known to do at brag: the huſband of one would perhaps be pitted againſt the gallant of another, or a woman of the town againſt a maid of honour. And perhaps if this practice ſhould once become faſhionable among the ladies, we may ſoon ſee the time, when an allowance for *bet-money* will be ſtipulated in the marriage-articles.

As the vices and follies of perſons of diſtinction are very apt to ſpread, I am alſo much afraid, leſt this branch of gaming ſhould deſcend to the common people. Indeed, it ſeems already to have got among them. We have frequent accounts in the daily papers of tradeſmen riding, walking, eating and drinking, for a wager. The conteſted election in the city has occaſioned ſeveral extraordinary bets: I know a butcher in Leaden-Hall market, who laid an ox to a ſhin of beef, on the ſucceſs of Sir John Barnard againſt the field; and have been told of a publican in Thames-ſtreet, who ventured an hogſhead of entire butt, on the candidate who ſerves him with beer.

We may obſerve, that the ſpirit of gaming diſplays itſelf with as much variety among the loweſt, as the higheſt order of people. It is the ſame thing whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow, or at the hazard table. A couple of chairman in a night-cellar are as eager at put or all-fours, as a party at St. James's at a rubber of whiſt; and the EO table is but an higher ſort of Merry-go-round, where you may get ſix half-pence for one, ſixpence for one, and ſix two-pences for one. If the practice of Pitting ſhould be alſo propagated among the vulgar, it will be common for prize-fighters to ſtake their

lives againſt each other; and two pick-pockets may lay which of them ſhall firſt go to the gallows.

To give the reader a full idea of a perſon of faſhion, wholly employed in this manner, I ſhall conclude my paper with the character of Montano. Montano was born heir to a nobleman, remarkable for deep play, from whom he very early imbibed the principles of gaming. When he firſt went to ſchool, he ſoon became the moſt expert of any of his play fellows: he was ſure to win all their marbles at taw, and would often ſtrip them of their whole week's allowance at chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every match at football or cricket; and when he was captain, he took in all the big boys by making a lottery, but went away without drawing the prizes. He is ſtill talked of at the ſchool, for a famous diſpute he had with another of his own caſt about their ſuperiority in learning; which they decided, by toſſing up heads or tails who was the beſt ſcholar. Being too great a genius for our univerſities at home, he was ſent abroad on his travels, but never got further than Paris; where having loſt a conſiderable bet of four to one concerning the taking a town in Flanders, he was obliged to come back with a few guineas he borrowed to bring him over. Here he ſoon became univerſally known by frequenting every gaming-table, and attending every horſe-race in the kingdom. He firſt reduced betting into an art, and made White's the grand market for wagers. He is at length ſuch an adept in this art, that whatever turn things take, he can never loſe. This he has effected, by what he has taught the world to call *hedging a bet*. There is ſcarce a conteſted election in the kingdom, which will not end to his advantage; and he has lately ſent over commiſſions to Paris to take up bets on the recall of the parliament. He was the firſt, that ſtruck out the above-mentioned practice of pitting; in which he is ſo thoroughly verſed, that the death of every perſon of quality may be ſaid to bring him a legacy; and he has ſo contrived the bets on his own life, that (live or die) the odds are in his favour.

No. XVI. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

——— Altiùs omnem
Expediam primâ repetens ab origine famam. VIRG.

I'll trace the current upwards, as it flows,
And mark the ſecret ſpring, whence firſt it roſe.

To Mr. Town.

Sir, Oxford, May 12, 1754.

YOUR laſt week's paper, on the ſubject of bets, put me in mind of an extract I lately met with in ſome news-papers, from the "Life of Pope Sixtus V. tranſ-"lated from the Italian of Gregorio Leti by the reverend "Mr. Farnworth." The paſſage is as follows:

It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an immenſe booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very conſiderable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in thoſe parts, which he had inſured. Upon receiving this news, he ſent for the inſurer Samſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whoſe intereſt it was to have ſuch a report thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly be true, and at laſt worked himſelf up into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, I'll lay you a pound of my fleſh it is a lye. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh, that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed. The truth of the account was ſoon confirmed; and the Jew was almoſt diſtracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract. A report of this tranſaction was brought to the Pope, who ſent for the parties, and being informed of the whole affair,

ſair, ſaid, "When contracts are made, it is juſt they "ſhould be fulfilled, as this ſhall. Take a knife there- "fore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh from any part "you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We adviſe you, how- "ever, to be very careful; for if you cut but a ſcru- "ple more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly be "hanged."

What induced me to trouble you with this, is a remark made by the editor, "that the ſcene between Shy- "lock and Antonio in the Merchant of Venice is bor- "rowed from this ſtory." I ſhould perhaps have acquieſced in this notion, if I had not ſeen a note in the "Obſervations on Spenſer's Faerie Queene, by Mr. T. "Warton of Trinity College," where he ſeems to have diſcovered the real ſource from which Shakeſpeare drew his fable, which (he informs us) is founded upon an ancient Ballad. The admirers of Shakeſpeare are obliged to him for this curious diſcovery: but as Mr. Warton has only given ſome extracts, they would undoubtedly be glad to ſee the whole. This Ballad is moſt probably no where to be met with, but in the Aſhmolean Muſæum in this Univerſity, where it was depoſited by that famous antiquary Anthony à Wood: I have therefore ſent you a faithful tranſcript of it; and you muſt agree with me, that it will do you more credit, as a Connoiſſeur, to draw this hidden treaſure into light, than if you had diſcovered an Otho or a Niger.

A SONG.

Shewing the crueltie of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a merchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleſhe becauſe he could not pay him at the time appointed.

IN Venice town not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on uſurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to die,
Nor never yet did any good
To them in ſtreets that lye.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him ſlay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a hoord;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be ſpread abroad.

So fares it with this uſurer,
He cannot ſleep in reſt,
For fear the theefe doth him purſue
To pluck him from his neſt.

His heart doth think on many a while,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almoſt full of mucke,
Yet ſtill he gapes for more.

His wife muſt lend a ſhilling,
For every week a penny,
Yet bring a pledge that's double worth,
If that you will have any.

And ſee (likewiſe) you keep your day,
Or elſe you looſe it all:
This was the living of his wife,
Her cow ſhe doth it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A merchant of great fame,
Which being diſtreſſed, in his need
Unto Gernutus came:

Deſiring him to ſtand his friend,
For twelve moneth and a day,
To lend to him an 100 crownes,
And he for it would pay

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Whatſoever he would demand of him
And pledges he ſhould have:
No, (qd. the Jew with fleering lookes)
Sir, aſke what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one yeere you ſhall pay;
You may do me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeaſt
For to be talked long:
You ſhall make me a bond (quoth he)
That ſhall be large and ſtrong.

And this ſhall be the forfeiture,
Of your owne fleſhe a pound,
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here's a hundred crownes.

The ſecond part of the Jew's crueltie; ſetting forth the mercifulneſſe of the Judge towards the Merchant.

With right good will the merchant ſaid,
And ſo the bond was made,
When twelve months and a day drew on
That back it ſhould be payd.

The merchant's ſhips were all at ſea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus ſtraight he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And ſayd to him of curteſie
I pray you bear with me.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeiture
Will doe you I dare ſay.

With all my heart, Gernutus ſaid,
Command it to your minde:
In things of bigger weight than this
You ſhall me readie finde.

He goes his way; the day once paſt
Gernutus doth not ſlacke
To get a ſerjeant preſentlie,
And clapt him on the backe.

And layd him into priſon ſtrong,
And ſued his bond withall;
And when the judgment day was come,
For judgment he doth call.

The merchant's friends came thither faſt,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day muſt dye.

Some offered for his 100 crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And ſome a thouſand, two or three,
Yet ſtill he did denay.

And at the laſt, 10,000 crownes
They offered him to ſave,
Gernutus ſaid, I will no gold,
My forfeit I will have.

A pound of fleſh is my demand,
And that ſhall be my hyre.
Then ſaid the judge, yet my good friend,
Let me of you deſire,

To take the fleſhe from ſuch a place
As yet you let him live;
Doe ſo, and lo an 100 crownes,
To thee here will I give.

No, no, quoth he, no judgment here
For this it ſhall be tryde,
For I will have my pound of fleſhe
From under his right ſide.

It grieved all the companie,
His crueltie to ſee;
For neither friend nor foe could help
But he muſt ſpoiled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand
To ſpoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to ſtrike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the Judge) thy crueltie
I charge thee to do ſo.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have
Which is of fleſhe a pound:
See that thou ſhed no dorp of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murtherer,
Thou here ſhalt hanged be:
Likewiſe of fleſhe ſee that thou cut
No more than longs to thee.

For if thou take either more or leſſe,
To the value of a mite,
Thou ſhalt be hanged preſently
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantic mad,
And wotes not what to ſay:
Quoth he at laſt, 10,000 crownes
I will that he ſhall pay.

And ſo I grant to ſet him free:
The Judge doth anſwere make,
You ſhall not have a penny given,
Your forfeiture now take.

At the laſt he doth demand,
But for to have his own:
No, quoth the Judge, do as you liſt,
Thy judgment ſhall be ſhewne.

Either take your pound of fleſhe, (qd. he)
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruel Judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth againſt me ſtand!

And ſo with griped grieved minde
He biddeth them farewell:
All the people prays'd the Lord
That ever this heard tell.

Good people that do hear this ſong,
For truth I dare well ſay,
That many a wretch as ill as he
Doth live now at this day,

That ſeeketh nothing but the ſpoyle
Of many a wealthie man,
And for to trap the innocent,
Deviſeth what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver me,
And every Chriſtian too,
And ſend to them like ſentence eke,
That meaneth ſo to do.

Printed at London *by* E. P. *for* J. Wright *dwelling in* Gilt-Spur-Street.

It will be proper to ſubjoin what the ingenious Mr. Warton has obſerved upon this ſubject.—"It may be "objected, ſays he, that this Ballad might have been "written after, and copied from Shakeſpeare's play. "But if that had been the caſe, it is moſt likely, that "the author would have preſerved Shakeſpeare's name "of Shylock for the Jew; and nothing is more likely, "than that Shakeſpear, in copying from this Ballad, "ſhould alter the name from Gernutus to one more "Jewiſh. Another argument is, that our Ballad has "the air of a narrative written before Shakeſpeare's "play; I mean, that, if it had been written after the "play, it would have been much more full and cir-"cumſtantial. At preſent, it has too much the naked-"neſs of an original."

It would, indeed, be abſurd to think, that this Ballad was taken from Shakeſpeare's play, as they differ in the moſt eſſential circumſtances. The ſum borrowed is in the former an hundred crowns, in the latter three thouſand ducats: The time limited for payment in the one is only three months, in the other a year and a day: In the play the merchant's motive for borrowing, (which is finely imagined by Shakeſpeare, and is conducive to the general plot) is not on account of his own neceſſities, but for the ſervice of his friend. To theſe we may add, that the cloſe of the ſtory is finely heightened by Shakeſpeare. A mere copyiſt, ſuch as we may ſuppoſe a Ballad-maker, would not have given himſelf the trouble to alter circumſtances: at leaſt he would not have changed them ſo much for the worſe. But this matter ſeems to be placed out of all doubt by the firſt ſtanza of the Ballad, which informs us, that the ſtory was taken from ſome Italian novel. "Thus much therefore is certain, "(as Mr. Warton obſerves) that Shakeſpeare either "copied from that Italian novel, or from this Ballad. "Now we have no tranſlation I preſume, of ſuch a no-"vel into Engliſh. If then it be granted, that Shake-"ſpeare generally took his Italian ſtories from their "Engliſh tranſlations, and that the arguments above, "concerning the prior antiquity of this Ballad, are true "it will follow, that Shakeſpeare copied from this Bal-"lad."

Upon the whole, it is very likely, that the Italian novel, upon which this Ballad ſeems founded, took its riſe (with an inverſion of the circumſtances) from the above mentioned ſtory in the "Life of Pope Sixtus V." the memory of which muſt have been then recent. I ſhould be glad if any of your readers can give any further light into this affair, and, if poſſible, acquaint the public, from whence Shakeſpeare borrowed the other part of his fable concerning Portia and the Caſkets; which, it is more than probable, is drawn from ſome other novel well known in his time.

I cannot conclude without remarking, with what art and judgment Shakeſpeare has wove together theſe different ſtories of the Jew and the Caſkets; from both which

which he has formed one general fable, without having recourſe to the ſtale artifice of eking out a barren ſubject with impertinent underplots,

I am, Sir,

T Your humble ſervant, &c.

No. XVII. THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

——Paulo plus artis Athenæ. Hor.

Scarce more with Athens ſcience choſe to dwell,
Or Grecian poets Grub-ſtreet bards excell.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

THOUGH many hiſtorians have deſcribed the city of London (in which we may include Weſtminſter) with great accuracy, yet they have not ſet it out in the full light, which at preſent it deſerves. They have not diſtinguiſhed it as an univerſity. Paris is an univerſity, Dublin is an univerſity, even Moſcow is an univerſity. But London has not yet been honoured with that title. I will allow our metropolis to have been intended originally, only as a city of trade; and I will farther own, that ſcarce any ſciences, except ſuch as were purely mercantile, were cultivated in it, till within theſe laſt thirty years. But from that period of time, I may ſay an whole army, as it were, of arts and ſciences have amicably marched in upon us, and have fixed themſelves as auxiliaries to our capital.

The four greater faculties, I mean Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philoſophy, which are taught in other univerſities, are in their higheſt perfection here. The proſperity of the firſt may be ſeen by the crouded churches every Sunday, and the diſcipline of the ſecond by the numberleſs young ſtudents, who conſtantly dine in their reſpective halls at the ſeveral Inns of Court. Theſe two faculties have of late received conſiderable improvements, but particularly that of Theology; as is manifeſt

from ſeveral new and aſtoniſhing opinions, which have been ſtarted among us. There have riſen, within theſe two years, very numerous tribes of Methodiſts, Moravians, Middletonians, Muggletonians, Hutchinſonians, &c. In a word, our ſects are multiplied to ſuch an infinite degree, that (as Voltaire has before obſerved) "every man may now go to heaven his own way." Can the Divinity-ſchools boaſt ſuch ſound doctrine as the Foundery in Moorfields? Or were ever fellows of colleges ſuch adepts in matrimony, as the reverend doctors of the Fleet, or the primate of May-Fair?

The theory of medicine may undoubtedly be taught at Oxford and Cambridge in a tolerable manner; but the art itſelf can only be learned, where it flouriſhes, at London. Do not our daily papers give us a longer liſt of medicines, than are contained in any of the Diſpenſatories? And are we not conſtantly told of ſurpriſing antidotes, certain cures, and never-failing remedies for every complaint? And are not each of theſe ſpecifics equally efficacious in one diſtemper as another, from the Grand Reſtorative Elixir of Life down to the Infallible Corn-ſalve, as thouſands have experienced? With what pleaſure and admiration have I beheld the Machaon of our times, Dr. Richard Rock, diſpenſing from his one-horſe-chaiſe his Cathartic Antivenereal Electary, his Itch Powder, and his Quinteſſence of Vipers! it may be aſked, is he a Graduate? Is he a Regular Phyſician? No, he is ſuperior to regularity. He deſpiſes the formality of academical degrees. He ſtiles himſelf M. L. He is a London Phyſician, or, as Moliere would expreſs it, *C'eſt un Medicin de Londres.*

After Medicine let us conſider Logic. How is that moſt uſeful art taught in the two univerſities? Is it not clogged with ſuch barbarous terms, as tend to puzzle and confound, rather than enlighten or direct the underſtanding? Is it not taught in a dead, I had almoſt ſaid, in a Popiſh tongue? Is it not over-run with dry diſtinctions, and uſeleſs ſubtleties? Where then is it to be learned in all the purity of reaſon, and the dignity of language? Neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge, but at the

the Robin-Hood alehouſe in Butcher-Row near Temple-Bar.

From Logic let us proceed to Eloquence, and let us ingenuouſly confeſs, that neither of our univerſities can boaſt an orator equal to the renowned Henley. Has he not all the qualifications required by Tully in a complete orator? Has he not been followed by the greateſt men of the nation? Yet has this modeſt divine never derived any title to himſelf from his own rhetoric, except ſuch an one as his extraordinary elocution naturally beſtowed upon him. Might he not have called himſelf Preſident of the Butchers? Dean of Marrow-bones and Cleavers? or Warden of Clare-Market? Certainly he might. Therefore, if it were for his ſake only, in my humble opinion, London ought immediately to aſſume the title of an univerſity; and the butchers of Clare-Market, who have ſo conſtantly attended Mr. Henley's lectures, ought to be preſented with honorary degrees.

I know not what pretenſions the univerſities may have had originally to adopt muſick among the reſt of their ſciences: perhaps they have aſſumed a right of beſtowing degrees in muſic, from their being called the ſeats of the Muſes; as it is well known, that Apollo was a fidler, as well as a poet and a phyſician; and the Muſes are ſaid to have delighted in fiddling and piping. The young ſtudents, I am told, of either univerſity are more ambitious to excel in this ſcience than any other, and ſpend moſt of their time in the ſtudy of the gamut: but their knowledge in harmonics is ſeldom carried farther than I love Sue, or Ally Croker. In this point London has undoubtedly a better title to be called an univerſity. Did Oxford or Cambridge ever produce an opera, though they have the advantage of languages ſo very little known, as the Greek and even Hebrew, to compoſe in? Had ever any of their profeſſors the leaſt idea of a burletta? Or are any of their moſt ſublime anthems half ſo raviſhing as Foote's Minuet from the hand organ of the little Savoyard Ducheſs? Are thoſe claſſical inſtruments the Doric Lute, the Syrinx, or the

Fiſtula, to be compared to the melody of the Wooden Spoons, the Jews-Harp, and Salt-Box, at Mrs. Midnight's?

But there are no doctrines more forcibly inculcated among us than thoſe of Ethics, or Moral Philoſophy. What are the precepts of Plato, Epictetus, or Tully, in compariſon to the moral leſſons delivered by our periodical writers! And are not you Mr. Town, a wiſer man than Socrates? But the age is more particularly indebted, for it's preſent univerſal purity of manners, to thoſe excellent rules for the conduct of life contained in our modern novels. From theſe moral works might be compiled an entire new ſyſtem of Ethics, far ſuperior to the exploded notions of muſty academics, and adapted to the practice of the preſent times. Cato, we are told, commended a young man, whom he ſaw coming out of the public ſtews, becauſe he imagined it might preſerve him from the crime of adultery; and the Spartans uſed to make their ſlaves drunk in the preſence of their youth, that they might be deterred from the like debaucheries. For the ſame reaſons, we may ſuppoſe, that our taverns and bagnios are ſo much frequented by our young people; and in this light we may fairly conſider them as ſo many ſchools of Moral Philoſophy.

If we are willing to turn our thoughts towards Experimental Philoſophy, can the ſeveral univerſities of the whole world produce ſuch a variety of inſtruments, ſo judiciouſly collected, for Aſtronomical, Geographical, and all other ſcientific obſervations, as are to be ſeen in the two amazing repoſitories of Mr Profeſſor Deard in the Strand, and of Mr. Profeſſor Ruſſel at Charing Croſs? It were endleſs to enumerate particulars; but I cannot help taking notice of thoſe elegant little portable teleſcopes, that are made uſe of in all public places; by which it is evident, that even our fine ladies and gentlemen are become proficients in Optics.

The univerſities ſeem to pride themſelves greatly on their choice collections of curious and invaluable trifles, which are there preſerved, only becauſe they were not thought worth preſerving any where elſe. But is the

Aſhmolean

Aſhmolean collection of rarities comparable to the Nick-nackatory of Mr. Pinchbeck? Or are any of their muſæums ſtored with ſuch precious curioſities, as are frequently ſeen in Mr. Langford's auction-room? Strangers, who think it worth while to go ſo far as Oxford or Cambridge to ſee fights, may ſurely meet with a much ſatisfaction at London. Are the two little pigmies, ſtriking a clock at Carfax in Oxford, within any degree of compariſon with the two noble giants at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet-ſtreet; to ſay nothing of their enormous brethren at Guild-Hall? Are any of the College Halls in either of the univerſities, ſo magnificent as thoſe belonging to our worſhipful companies? Or can the Theatre at Oxford, or the Senate-houſe at Cambridge, vie with that ſuperdous piece of architecture the Manſion-Houſe, ſet apart for our Chancellor the Lord Mayor? It may be alledged perhaps, that theſe are trifling examples of ſuperiority, which the younger ſiſter bears over two elder: but at the ſame time, it cannot be denied, that ſhe excells them both even in the *minutiæ* of learning and antiquity.

We muſt confeſs, that Hydraulics, or the motion of fluids, ſeem to be taught exactly in the ſame manner, and with the ſame degree of knowledge, in London as in Oxford or Cambridge. The glaſs tubes, and the ſyphons, are formed very much in the ſame ſhape and faſhion. The great Hydroſtatical law, "That all fluids "gravitate *in proprio loco*," is proved by the ſame kind of experiments. The ſeveral ſtudents, of whatever age or ſtation, vie with each other in an unwearied application, and a conſtant attendance to this branch of mixed mathematics. The profeſſors, in each of the three univerſities, are confeſſedly very great men: but I hope I may be forgiven, if I wiſh to ſee my friend Mr. Ryan, Preſident of the King's Arms in Pall-Mall, unanimouſly declared Vice-Chancellor of the Univerſity of London.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

G. K.

No. XVIII.

No. XVIII. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

———Nihil eſt furacius illo:
Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus. MART.

Could he have filch'd but half ſo ſly as thee,
Crook-finger'd Jack had 'ſcap'd the triple tree.

AN information was the other day laid before a magiſtrate by a fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, againſt one of his brethren for a robbery. The proſecutor depoſed upon oath, that the other had called upon him to ſee his collection of medals, and took an opportunity of ſtealing a leathern purſe, formerly belonging to the celebrated Tom Hearne, in which were contained, (beſides an antique piece of copper-money, place, date, name, figure, and value unknown) a pair of breeches of Oliver Cromwell, a *denarius* of Trajan worth fifty ſhillings, and a queen Anne's farthing value five pounds. He was with much ado diſſuaded from carrying on his ſuit; as the magiſtrate convinced him, that however highly he might rate his own treaſures, a jury, who were no *Virtuoſos*, would conſider a farthing merely as a farthing, and look upon a copper coin of a Roman Emperor as no better than a king George's halfpenny.

I cannot, indeed, without great concern, as a Connoiſſeur, reflect on the known diſhoneſty of my learned brethren. The ſcandalous practices, wherever their darling paſſion is intereſted, are too notorious to be denied. The moment they conceive a love for rarities, and antiques, their ſtrict notions of honour diſappear; and taſte, the more it eſtabliſhes their veneration for Virtù, the more certainly deſtroys their integrity: as ruſt enhances the value of an old coin, by eating up the figure and inſcription.

Moſt people are maſters of a kind of logic, by which they argue their conſciences to ſleep, and acquit themſelves of doing what is wrong. The country ſquire of confirmed honeſty in all other reſpects, thinks it very fair

fair to over-reach you in the ſale of an horſe; and the man of pleaſure, who would ſcorn to pick your pocket, or ſtop you on the road, regards it rather as gallantry than baſeneſs, to intrigue with your wife or daughter. In the ſame manner the Virtuoſo does not look on his thefts as real acts of felony; but while he owns that he would take any pains to ſteal an old ruſty piece of braſs, boaſts that you may ſafely truſt him with untold gold: though he would break open your cabinet for a ſhell or a butterfly, he would not attempt to force your eſcritoire or your ſtrong box: nor would he offer the leaſt violence to your wife or daughter, though perhaps he would run away with the little finger of the Venus de Medicis. Upon theſe principles he proceeds, and lays hold of all opportunities to increaſe his collection of rarities: and as Mahomet eſtabliſhed his religion by the ſword, the Connoiſſeur enlarges his muſæum, and adds to his ſtore of knowledge, by fraud and petty larceny.

If the libraries and cabinets of the curious, were, like the daw in the fable, to be ſtripped of their borrowed ornaments, we ſhould in many ſee nothing but bare ſhelves and empty drawers. I know a medaliſt, who at firſt ſet up with little more than a paltry ſeries of Engliſh coins ſince the Reformation, which he had the good luck to pick up at their intrinſic value. By a pliant uſe of his fingers he became ſoon poſſeſſed of moſt of the traders; and by the ſame ſlight of hand, he, in a ſhort time after, made himſelf maſter of great part of the Cæſars. He was once taken up for coining; a forge, a crucible, and ſeveral dies being found in his cellar: but he was acquitted, as there was no law which made it high treaſon to counterfeit the image of a Tiberius or a Nero; and the coin, which he imitated, was current only among Virtuoſos.

I remember another, who picqued himſelf on his collection of ſcarce editions and original manuſcripts, moſt of which he had purloined from the libraries of others. He was continually borrowing books of his acquaintance, with a reſolution never to return them. He would ſend in a great hurry for a particular edition, which he wanted

to conſult only for a moment; but when it was aſked for again, he was not at home, or he had lent it to another, or he had loſt it, or he could not find it; and ſometimes he would not ſcruple to ſwear, that he had himſelf delivered it into the owner's hands. He would frequently ſpoil a ſet by ſtealing a volume, and then purchaſe the reſt for a trifle. After his death his library was ſold by auction; and many of his friends were obliged to buy up their own books again at an exhorbitant price.

A thorough bred Virtuoſo will ſurmount all ſcruples of conſcience, or encounter any danger to ſerve his purpoſe. Moſt of them are chiefly attached to ſome particular branch of knowledge; but I remember one, who was paſſionately fond of every part of Virtù. At one time, when he could find no other way of carrying off a medal, he ran the riſk of being choaked by ſwallowing it; and at another, broke his leg in ſcaling a garden-wall for a tulip-root. But nothing gave him ſo much trouble and difficulty as the taking away pictures and ancient marbles; which being heavy and unwieldy, he often endangered his life to gratify his curioſity. He was once locked up all night in the Duke of Tuſcany's gallery, where he took out an original painting of Raphael, and dextrouſly placed a copy of it in the frame. At Venice he turned Roman Catholic, and became a Jeſuit, in order to get admittance into a convent, from whence he ſtole a fine head of Ignatius Loyola; and at Conſtantinople he had almoſt formed the reſolution of qualifying himſelf for the Seraglio, that he might find means to carry off a picture of the Grand Signior's chief miſtreſs.

The general diſhoneſty of Connoiſſeurs is indeed ſo well known, that the ſtricteſt precaution is taken to guard againſt it. Medals are ſecured under lock and key, pictures ſcrewed to the walls, and books chained to the ſhelves; yet cabinets, galleries, and libraries are continually plundered. Many of the maimed ſtatues at Rome perhaps owe their preſent ruinous condition to the depredations made on them by Virtuoſos: the head of Henry the Fifth, in Weſtminſter abby was in all probability ſtolen by a Connoiſſeur; and I know one who has

at

at different times pilfered a great part of queen Catherine's bones, and hopes in a little while to be maſter of the whole ſkeleton. This gentleman has been detected in ſo many little thefts, that he has for ſeveral years paſt been refuſed admittance into the Muſæums of the curious; and he is lately gone abroad with a deſign upon the ancient Greek manuſcripts diſcovered at Herculaneum.

It may ſeem ſurpriſing, that theſe gentlemen ſhould have been hitherto ſuffered to eſcape unpuniſhed for their repeated thefts; and that a Virtuoſo, who robs you of an unic of ineſtimable value, ſhould even glory in the action, while a poor dog, who picks your pocket of ſixpence, ſhall be hanged for it. What a ſhocking diſgrace would be brought upon taſte, ſhould we ever ſee the dying ſpeech, confeſſion, and behaviour of a Connoiſſeur, related in the account of Malefactors by the Ordinary of Newgate! Such an accident would doubtleſs bring the ſtudy of Virtù into ſtill more contempt among the ignorant, when they found that it only brought a man to the gallows; as the country fellow, when he ſaw an attorney ſtand in the pillory for forgery, ſhook his head and cried, "ay, this comes of your writing and reading." It were perhaps worthy the conſideration of the legiſlature to deviſe ſome puniſhment for theſe offenders which ſhould bear ſome analogy with their crimes: and as common malefactors are delivered to the ſurgeons to be anatomized, I would propoſe, that a Connoiſſeur ſhould be made into a mummy, and preſerved in the hall of the Royal Society, for the terror and admiration of his brethren.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the relation of a circumſtance, which fell within my own knowledge when I was abroad, and in which I declined a glorious opportunity of ſignalizing myſelf as a Connoiſſeur. While I was at Rome, a young phyſician of our party, who was eaten up with Virtù, made a ſerious propoſal to us of breaking into one of the churches by night, and taking away a famous piece of painting over the altar. As I had not quite taſte enough to come at once into his ſcheme,

ſcheme, I could not help objecting to him, that it was a robbery. 'Poh,' ſays he, 'it is a moſt exquiſite pic-'ture!'—'Ay, but it is not only a robbery, but ſacri-'lege.'—'Oh it is a moſt charming piece!'—Zounds, 'doctor, but if we ſhould be taken, we ſhall all be 'broke upon the wheel.'—'Then' ſaid he, 'we ſhall 'die Martyrs.'

T

No. XIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

Poſcentes vario multùm diverſa palato. Hor.

How very ill our different taſtes agree;
This will have beef, and that a fricaſſee.

I HAVE ſelected the following letters from a great number, which I have lately been favoured with from unknown correſpondents; and as they both relate nearly to the ſame ſubject, I ſhall without further preface ſubmit them to the public.

Sir,

WHEN you was got into White's, I was in hopes that you would not have confined yourſelf merely to the gaming-table, but have given us an account of the entertainment at their ordinaries. A bill of fare from thence would have been full as diverting to your readers, as the laws of the game, or a liſt of their bets. Theſe gentlemen, we are told, are no leſs adepts in the ſcience of eating than of gaming; and as Hoyle has reduced the latter into a new and complete ſyſtem, I could wiſh that their cook, (who to be ſure is a Frenchman) would alſo oblige the world by a treatiſe on the art and myſtery of ſauces.

Indeed, Mr. Town, it ſurpriſes me, that you have ſo long neglected to make ſome reflections on the diet of this great city. Dr. Martin Liſter, who was univerſally

allowed to be a great Connoiſſeur, and publiſhed ſeveral learned treatiſes upon cockle ſhells, did not think it beneath him to comment on the works of Apicius Cælius, who had collected together many valuable receipts in cookery, as practiſed by the Romans. If you would preſerve your papers from the indignity of covering breaſts of veal, or wrapping up cutlets *à la Maintenon*, I would adviſe you to lard them now and then with the ragouts of Heliogabalus, or a parallel between our modern ſoups and the Lacædemonian black broth. Your works might then be univerſally read, from the miſtreſs in the parlour down to the cookmaid and ſcullion.

It is abſolutely neceſſary for people of all tempers, complexions, perſuaſions, habits, and ſtations of life, however they may differ in other particulars, to concur in the grand article of eating. And as the humours of the body ariſe from the food we take in, the diſpoſitions of the mind ſeem to bear an equal reſemblance to our places of refreſhment. You have already taken a review of our ſeveral coffee-houſes; and I wiſh you would proceed to delineate the different characters, that are to be found in our taverns and chop-houſes. A friend of mine always judges of a man of taſte and faſhion, by aſking, who is his peruke-maker or his taylor? Upon the ſame principles, when I would form a juſt opinion of any man's temper and inclinations, I always enquire, where does he dine?

The difference between the taverns near St. James's, and thoſe about the 'Change, conſiſts, not ſo much in the coſtlineſs as the ſubſtance of their viands. The round-bellied alderman, who breathes the foggy air of the city, requires a more ſolid diet than the light kickſhews of our meagre perſons of quality. My lord, or Sir John, after having whiled away an hour or two at the parliament-houſe, drive to the Star and Garter to regale on Macaroni, or piddle with an Ortolan; while the merchant, who has plodded all the morning in the Alley, ſits down to a turtle-feaſt at the Crown or the King's Arms, and crams himſelf with Calipaſh and Calipee. As the city taverns are appropriated to men of

buſineſs, who drive bargains for thouſands over their morning's gill, the taverns about the court are generally filled with an inſipid race of mortals, who have nothing to do. Among theſe you may ſee moſt of our young men of faſhion, and young officers of the guards, who meet at theſe places to ſhew the elegance of their taſte by the expenſiveneſs of their dinner: and many an enſign, with ſcarce any income but his commiſſion, prides himſelf on keeping the beſt company, and often throws down more than a week's pay for his reckoning; though at other times it obliges him, with ſeveral of his brethren upon half pay, to dine with duke Humphry in St. James's park.

The taverns about the purlieus of Covent-Garden are dedicated to Venus, as well as Ceres and Liber; and you may frequently ſee the jolly meſs-mates of both ſexes go in and come out in couples, like the clean and unclean beaſts in Noah's ark. Theſe houſes are equally indebted for their ſupport, to the cook, and that worthy perſonage, whom they have dignified with the title of Pimp. Theſe gentlemen contrive to play into each other's hands. The firſt by his high ſoups and rich ſauces prepares the way for the occupation of the other; who having reduced the patient by a proper exerciſe of his art, returns him back again to go through the ſame regimen as before. We may therefore ſuppoſe, that the culinary arts are no leſs ſtudied here than at White's or Pontac's. True geniuſes in eating will continually ſtrike out new improvements: but I dare ſay, neither Braund nor Lebeck ever made up a more extraordinary diſh, than I once remember at the Caſtle. Some bloods being in company with a celebrated *fille de joye*, one of them pulled off her ſhoe, and in exceſs of gallantry filled it with Champagne, and drank it off to her health. In this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the reſt, and then, to carry the compliment ſtill further, he ordered the ſhoe itſelf to be dreſſed and ſerved up for ſupper. The cook ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to work upon it: he pulled the upper part (which was of damaſk) into fine ſhreds, and toſſed it up in ragout; minced the ſole;

cut the wooden heel into very thin ſlices, fried them in batter, and placed them round the diſh for garniſh. The company, you may be ſure, teſtified their affection for the lady by eating very heartily of this exquiſite impromptu: and as this tranſaction happened juſt after the French king had taken a cobler's daughter for his miſtreſs, Tom Pierce (who has the ſtyle as well as art of a French cook) in his bill politely called it, in honour of her name, *de ſoulier à la Murphy*.

Taverns, Mr. Town, ſeem contrived for the promoting of luxury; while the humbler chop-houſes are deſigned only to ſatisfy the ordinary cravings of nature. Yet at theſe you may meet with a variety of characters. At Dolly's and Horſeman's you commonly ſee the hearty lovers of a beef-ſteak and gill ale; and at Betty's, and the chop-houſes about the inns of court, a pretty maid is as inviting as the proviſions. In theſe common refectories you may always find the jemmy attorney's clerk, the prim curate, the walking phyſician, the captain upon half pay, the ſhabby valet de chambre upon board wages, and the foreign count or marquis in diſhabille, who has refuſed to dine with a duke or an ambaſſador. At a little eating-houſe in a dark alley behind the 'Change, I once ſaw a grave citizen, worth a plumb, order a two-penny meſs. of broth with a boiled chop in it: and when it was brought him, he ſcooped the crumb out of an half-penny roll, and ſoaked it in the porridge for his preſent meal; then carefully placing the chop between the upper and under cruſt, he wrapt it up in a checked handkerchief, and carried it off for the morrow's repaſt.

I ſhall leave it to you, ſir, to make farther reflections on this ſubject, and ſhould be glad to dine with you at any tavern, dive with you into any cellar, take a beef-ſteak in Ivy lane, a mutton chop behind St. Clement's, or (if you chuſe it) an extempore ſauſage or black-pudding over the farthing fries at Moor-fields.

Your humble ſervant,

T. SAVOURY.

Pye-Corner - - - -

Mr. Town!

BY Jove it is a ſhame, a burning ſhame, to ſee the honour of England, the glory of our nation, the greateſt pillar of life, Roaſt Beef, utterly baniſhed from our tables. This evil, like many others, has been growing upon us by degrees. It was begun by wickedly placing the beef upon a ſide-table, and ſcreening it by a parcel of queue-tail'd fellows in laced waiſtcoats. However, the odorous effluvia generally affected the ſmell of every true Briton in the room. The butler was fatigued with carving: the maſter of the houſe grew pale, and ſickened at the ſight of thoſe juicy collops of fat and lean, that came ſwimming in gravy, and ſmoking moſt deliciouſly under our noſtrils. Other methods therefore were to be perſued. The Beef was ſtill ſerved up, but it was brought up cold. It was put upon a table in the darkeſt part of the room, and immured between four walls formed artificially by the ſervants with the hats of the company. When the jellies and ſlip-ſlops were coming in, the beef was carried off in as ſecret a manner, as if it had gone through the ceremonies of concoction. But ſtill, ſir, under all theſe diſadvantages we had a chance of getting a ſlice as it paſſed by. Now alas! it is not ſuffered to come up ſtairs. I dare ſay, it is generally baniſhed from the ſteward's table; nor do I ſuppoſe, that the powdered foot-men will touch it, for fear of daubing their ruffles. So that the diſh that was ſerved up to the royal tables, the diſh that was the breakfaſt of queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, the diſh that received the dignity of knighthood from king James the Firſt, is now become the food only of ſcullions and ſtable boys. In what words can I vent my reſentment upon this occaſion? eſpecially when I reflect, that innovations ſeldom come alone. Toaſted cheeſe is already buried in rammekins: plumb-porridge has been long baniſhed: I tremble for plumb-pudding. May we not live to ſee a leg of pork deteſted as carrion? and a ſhoulder of mutton avoided as if it were horſe-fleſh? Our only hopes are in the clergy, and in the beef-ſteak club. The former ſtill

preſerve,

preſerve, and probably will preſerve, the rectitude of their appetites; and will do juſtice to beef, wherever they find it. The latter, who are compoſed of the moſt ingenious artiſts in the kingdom, meet every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent-Garden theatre, and never ſuffer any diſh except beef-ſteaks to appear. Theſe, indeed, are moſt glorious examples: but what, alas! are the weak endeavours of a few to oppoſe the daily inroads of fricaſſees and ſoup maigres! This, Mr. Town, is a national concern, as it may prove more deſtructive to beef than the diſtemper among the horned cattle: and ſhould the modiſh averſion againſt rumps and ſurloins continue, it will be abſolutely neceſſary to enforce the love of beef by act of parliament.

Yours,

GOLIAH ENGLISH.

No. XX. THURSDAY, JUNE, 13, 1754.

Non umbræ altorum memorum, non mollia poſſunt
Prata movere animum. —— —— VIRG.

No rural charms her joyleſs mind can move,
The verdant meadow, or the lofty grove.

THE ladies of the preſent age are ſtrangely altered from the unpoliſhed females, who flouriſhed in the days of Romance. What modern Partheniſſa would not prefer a tall young fellow to the moſt beautiful dwarf in the univerſe, or a coach and ſix to a white palfry? The fair damſels of old were chiefly to be found in woods and foreſts; but our preſent heroines are diſtinguiſhed by an utter averſion to the country, and would as ſoon be confined by a giant in an enchanted caſtle, as immured with old maiden aunts in the family manſion-houſe. Nothing is more dreadful to our ladies of quality than the approach of ſummer: for what woman of ſpirit would

chuſe to leave the town to wander in ſolitudes and deſarts; or what pleaſure can the long days give to our fine ladies, when the pretty creatures are conſcious, that they look beſt by candle-light? The general complaint againſt the country is want of amuſement, or want of company: but theſe common inconveniences are trifles in compariſon to the ſufferings of the poor lady, who wrote the following letter, which was communicated to me with leave to make it public.

Dear Lady Charlotte,

I HAVE been plagued, peſtered, teized to death, and hurried out of my wits, ever ſince I have been in this odious country. O my dear, how I long to be in town again! Pope and the poets may talk what they will, of their purling ſtreams, ſhady groves, and flowery meads: but I had rather live all my days among the cheeſe-mongers ſhops in Thames-ſtreet, than paſs ſuch another ſpring in this filthy country. Would you believe it? I have ſcarce touched a card ſince I have been here: and then there has been ſuch ado with us about election matters, that I am ready to die with the vapours: ſuch a rout with their hiſſing and hallowing, my head is ready to ſplit into a thouſand pieces! If my Sir John muſt be in parliament, why cannot he do as your lord does, and be content with a borough, where he might come in without all this trouble, and take his ſeat in the houſe, though he has never been within an hundred miles of the place.

Our houſe, my dear, has been a perfect inn, ever ſince we came down; and I have been obliged to trudge about as much as a fat landlady. Our doors are open to every dirty fellow in the country, that is worth forty ſhillings a year; all my beſt floors are ſpoiled by the hobnails of farmers ſtumping about them; every room is a pig-ſtye, and the Chineſe paper in the drawing-room ſtinks ſo abominably of punch and tobacco, that it would ſtrike you down to come into it. If you knew what I have ſuffered, you would think I had the conſtitution of a waſherwoman to go through it. We never ſit down

to

to table without a dozen or more of boiſterous two-legged creatures as rude as bears; and I have nothing to do but to heap up their plates, and drink to each of their healths. What is worſe than all, one of the beaſts got tipſy, and nothing would ſerve him but he muſt kiſs me, which I was forced to ſubmit to for fear of loſing his vote and intereſt. Would you think it, dear Charlotte?—do not laugh at me—I ſtood godmother in perſon to a huge lubberly boy at a country farmer's, and they almoſt poiſoned me with their hodge-podge they called caudle, made of ſour ale and brown ſugar. All this and more I have been obliged to comply with, that the country fellows might not ſay, my lady is proud and above them.

Beſides, there is not a woman creature within twenty miles of the place, that is fit company for my houſe-keeper; and yet I muſt be intimate with them all. Lady B * * indeed is very near us; but though we are very well acquainted in town, we muſt not be ſeen to ſpeak to each other here, becauſe her lord is in the oppoſition. Poor Thomas got a ſad drubbing at her houſe, when I innocently ſent him at my firſt coming into the country with a how d'ye to her ladyſhip. The greateſt female acquaintance I have here, are Mrs. Mayoreſs, a taylor's wife, and Mrs. Alderman Gaſcoigne, who ſells pins and needles on one ſide of the ſhop, while her huſband works at his peſtle and mortar on the other. Theſe ordinary wretches are conſtant attendants on my tea-table: I am obliged to take them and their brats out an airing in my coach every evening; and am afterwards often doomed to ſit down to whiſt and ſwabbers, or one and thirty bone-ace for farthings. Mrs. Mayoreſs is a very violent party-woman; and ſhe has two pug-dogs; one of which ſhe calls Sir John, and the other Colonel, in compliment you muſt know to my huſband and his brother candidate.

We had a ball the other day; and I opened it with Sir Humphry Chaſe, who danced in his boots, and hobbled along for all the world like the dancing bears, which I have ſeen in the ſtreets at London. A terrible miſtake happened about precedence, which I fear will loſe

Sir

Sir John, a good many votes. An attorney's wife was very angry, that her daughter, a little pert chit juſt come from the boarding ſchool, was not called out to dance before Miſs Norton the brewer's daughter, when every body knew (ſhe ſaid) that her girl was a gentlewoman bred and born.

I wiſh, my dear, you were to ſee my dreſſing-room; you would think it was a ribband-ſhop. Lettice and I have been buſy all this week in making up knots and favours; and yeſterday no milliner's prentice could work harder than I did, in tying them on the ſweaty hats of country bumkins. And is it not very hard upon me? I muſt not even dreſs as I pleaſe; but am obliged to wear blue, though you know it does not ſuit my complexion, and makes me look as horrid as the witches in Macbeth.

But what is worſe than all, Sir John tells me, the election expences have run ſo high, that he muſt ſhorten my allowance of pin-money. He talks of turning off half his ſervants; nay, he has even hinted to me, that I ſhall not come to town all the winter. Barbarous crea-

—But if he dares ſerve me ſo, he ſhall poſitively

election next time; I will raiſe ſuch a ſpirit of oppoſition in all the wives and daughters in the county againſt him.

I am

Your affectionate friend, &c.

This lady's caſe is, indeed, very much to be pitied: but as Sir John has had the good luck to gain his point after a ſtrong oppoſition, he will doubtleſs be ſenſible of the great ſhare his lady had in his ſucceſs. For my own part, when I conſider the vaſt influence which the fair ſex muſt naturally have over my fellow-countrymen, I cannot help looking on their intereſting themſelves in theſe matters as a very ſerious affair. What ſucceſs muſt a fine lady meet with on her canvaſs! No gentleman to be ſure could be ſo rude or ſo cruel, as to refuſe ſuch a pretty beggar any thing ſhe ſhould aſk; and an honeſt country farmer, who could withſtand any other argu-

ments

ments, might be coaxed and wheedled, or bribed with a ſmile, into voting againſt his conſcience. Many inſtances have been found, during the late elections, of huſbands who have been forced to poll as their wives would have them; and I know a young fellow, that was brought over to give a vote againſt his inclination by his ſweetheart, who refuſed to receive his addreſſes, if he did not change his party.

It may not perhaps be too bold an aſſertion, that half the members in the preſent parliament owe their ſeats to the direct or indirect influence of the other ſex. It would therefore be highly proper for the legiſlature to provide againſt this evil for the future; and I hope, before the next general election, to ſee among the votes the following reſolution.

Reſolved,

That it is an high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the Commons of Great Britain, for any peereſs, or any other lady, to concern themſelves in the elections of Members to ſerve for the Commons in parliament.

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No. XXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

——————Studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondus idonea fumo. PERSIUS.

A tale in ſounding phraſe I ſtrive to tell,
With pompous trifles that my page may ſwell:
That wordy trappings the thin ſenſe may cloke,
And add imaginary weight to ſmoke.

TQUASSOUW, the ſon of Kqvuſſomo, was Konquer or chief captain over the ſixteen nations of Caffraria. He was deſcended from N'oh and Hingn'oh, who dropt from the moon; and his power extended over all the Kraals of the Hottentots.

This prince was remarkable for his proweſs and activity: his ſpeed was like the torrent, that ruſhes down the

the precipice; and he would overtake the wild ass in her flight: his arrows brought down the eagle from the clouds; the lion fell before him, and his launce drank the blood of the rhinoceros. He fathomed the waters of the deep, and buffeted the billows in the tempest: he drew the rock-fish from their lurking-holes, and rifled the beds of coral. Trained from his infancy in the exercise of war, to wield the Hassagay with dexterity, and break the wild bulls to battle, he was a stranger to the soft dalliance of love; and beheld with indifference the thick-lipped damsels of Gongeman, and the flat-nosed beauties of Hauteniqua.

As Tquassouw was one day giving instructions for spreading toils for the elk, and digging pitfals for the elephant, he received information, that a tyger prowling for prey was committing ravages on the Kraals of the Chamtouers. He snatched up his bow of olive-wood, and bounded, like the roe-buck on the mountains, to their assistance. He arrived just at the instant, when the enraged animal was about to fasten on a virgin, and aiming a poisoned arrow at his heart, laid him dead at her feet. The virgin threw herself on the ground, and covered her head with dust, to thank her deliverer: but when she rose, the prince was dazzled with her charms. He was struck with the glossy hue of her complexion, which shone like the jetty down on the black hogs of Hessaqua: he was ravished with the prest gristle of her nose; and his eyes dwelt with admiration on the flaccid beauties of her breasts, which descended to her navel.

Knonmquaiha, (for that was the virgin's name) was daughter to the Kouquequa or leader of the Kraal, who bred her up with all the delicacy of her sex. She was fed with the entrails of goats, she sucked the eggs of the ostrich, and her drink was the milk of ewes. After gazing for some time upon her charms, the prince in great transport embraced the soles of her feet: then ripping the beast he had just killed, took out the caul, and hung it about her neck, in token of his affection. He afterwards stripped the tyger of his skin, and sending it

to

to the Kouquequa her father, demanded the damſel in marriage.

The eve of the full moon was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials of Tquaſſouw and Knonmquaiha. When the day arrived, the magnificence, in which the bridegroom was arrayed, amazed all Caffraria. Over his ſhoulders was caſt a Kroſſe, or mantle of wild cat-ſkins: he cut ſandals for his feet from the raw hide of an elephant; he had hunted down a leopard, and of the ſpotted fur formed a ſuperb cap for his head; he girded his loins with the inteſtines, and the bladder of the beaſt he blew up, and faſtened to his hair.

Nor had Knonmquaiha been leſs employed in adorning her perſon. She made a varniſh of the fat of goats mixed with ſoot, with which ſhe anointed her whole body, as ſhe ſtood beneath the rays of the ſun: her locks were clotted with melted greaſe, and powdered with the yellow duſt of Buchu: her face, which ſhone like the poliſhed ebony, was beautifully varied with ſpots of red earth, and appeared like the ſable curtain of the night beſpangled with ſtars: ſhe ſprinkled her limbs with wood-aſhes, and perfumed them with the dung of the Stinkbingſem. Her arms and legs were entwined with the ſhining entrails of an heifer: from her neck there hung a pouch compoſed of the ſtomach of a kid: the wings of an oſtrich overſhadowed the fleſhy promontories behind; and before ſhe wore an apron formed of the ſhaggy ears of a lion.

The chiefs of the ſeveral Kraals, who were ſummoned to aſſiſt at their nuptials, formed a circle on the ground, ſitting upon their heels, and bowing their heads between their knees in token of reverence. In the centre the illuſtrious prince with his ſable bride repoſed upon ſoft cuſhions of cow-dung. Then the Surri or chief prieſt approached them, and in a deep voice chaunted the nuptial rites to the melodious grumbling of the Gom-Gom; and at the ſame time (according to the manner of Caffraria) bedewed them plentifully with the urinary benediction. The bride and bridegroom rubbed in the precious ſtream with extaſy; while the briny drops trickled from

from their bodies, like the oozy ſurge from the rocks of Chirigriqua.

The Hottentots had ſeen the increaſe and wane of two moons ſince the happy union of Tquaſſouw and Knonmquaiha, when the Kraals were ſurpriſed with the appearance of a moſt extraordinary perſonage, that came from the ſavage people who roſe from the ſea, and had lately fixed themſelves on the borders of Caffraria. His body was enwrapped with ſtrange coverings, which concealed every part from ſight, except his face and hands. Upon his ſkin the ſun darted his ſcorching rays in vain, and the colour of it was pale and wan as the watery beams of the moon. His hair, which he could put on and take off at pleaſure, was white as the bloſſoms of the almond tree, and buſhy as the fleece of the ram. His lips and cheeks reſembled the red oker, and his noſe was ſharpened like the beak of an eagle. His language, which was rough and inarticulate, was as the language of beaſts; nor could Tquaſſouw diſcover his meaning, till an Hottentot (who at the firſt coming of theſe people had been taken priſoner, and had afterwards made his eſcape) interpreted between them. This interpreter informed the prince, that the ſtranger was ſent from his fellow countrymen to treat about the enlargement of their territories, and that he was called, among them, Mynheer Van Snickerſnee.

Tquaſſouw, who was remarkable for his humanity, treated the ſavage with extraordinary benevolence. He ſpread a mantle of ſheep-ſkins, anointed with fat, for his bed; and for his food he boiled in their own blood the tripes of the fatteſt herds, that grazed in the rich paſtures of the Heykoms. The ſtranger in return inſtructed the prince in the manners of the ſavages, and often amuſed him with ſending fire from an hollow engine, which rent the air with thunder. Nor was he leſs ſtudious to pleaſe the gentle Knonmquaiha. He bound brancelets of poliſhed metal about her arms, and encircled her neck with beads of glaſs: he filled the cocoa ſhell with a delicious liquor, and gave it her to drink, which exhilerated her heart, and made her eyes ſparkle with joy: he alſo taught

he

her to kindle fire through a tube of clay with the dried leaves of Dacha, and to ſend forth rolls of odorous ſmoke from her mouth. After having ſojourned in the Kraals for the ſpace of half a moon, the ſtranger was diſmiſſed with magnificent preſents of the teeth of elephants; and a grant was made to his countrymen of the fertile meadows of Kochequa, and the foreſts of Stinkwood bounded by the Palamite river.

Tquaſſouw and Knonmquaiha continued to live together in the moſt cordial affection; and the Surris every night invoked the great Gounja Ticquoa, who illuminates the moon, that he would give an heir to the race of N'oh and Hingn'oh. The princeſs at length manifeſted the happy tokens of pregnancy: while her waiſt encreaſed daily in circumference, and ſwelled like the gourd. When the time of her delivery approached, ſhe was committed to the care of the wiſe women, who placed her on a couch of the reeking entrails of a cow newly ſlain, and to facilitate the birth, gave her a portion of the milk of wild aſſes, and fomented her loins with the warm dung of elephants. When the throes of childbirth came on, a terrible hurricane howled along the coaſt, the air bellowed with thunder, and the face of the moon was obſcured as with a veil. The Kraal echoed with ſhrieks and lamentations, and the wiſe women cried out, that the princeſs was delivered of a *monſter*.

The offspring of her womb was *white*. They took the child, and waſhed him with the juice of aloes: they expoſed his limbs to the ſun, anointed them with the fat, and rubbed them with the excrement of black bulls: but his ſkin ſtill retained it's deteſted hue, and the child was ſtill *white*. The venerable Surris were aſſembled to deliberate on the cauſe of this prodigy; and they unanimouſly pronounced, that it was owing to the evil machinations of the dæmon Cham-ouna, who had practiſed on the virtue of the princeſs under the appearance of Mynheer Van Snickerſnee.

The inceſtuous parent and her unnatural offſpring were judged unworthy to live. They bowed a branch of an olive tree in the foreſt of Lions, on which the

white monſter was ſuſpended by the heels; and ravenous beaſts feaſted on the iſſue of Knonmquaiha. The princeſs herſelf was ſentenced to the ſevere puniſhment allotted to the heinous crime of adultery. The Kouquequas, who ſcarce twelve moons before had met to celebrate her nuptials, were now ſummoned to aſſiſt at her unhappy death. They were collected in a circle, each of them wielding an huge club of cripple-wood. The beauteous criminal ſtood weeping in the midſt of them, prepared to receive the firſt blow from the hand of her injured huſband. Tquaſſouw in vain aſſayed to perform the ſad office: thrice he uplifted his ponderous mace of iron, and thrice dropt it ineffectual on the ground. At length from his reluctant arm deſcended the fell ſtroke, which lighted on that noſe, whoſe flatneſs and expanſion had firſt captivated his heart. The Kouquequas then ruſhing in with their clubs redoubled their blows on her body, 'till the pounded Knonmquaiha lay as an heap of mud, which the retiring flood leaves on the ſtrand.

Her battered limbs, now without form and diſtinction, were incloſed in the paunch of a rhinoceros, which was faſtened to the point of a bearded arrow, and ſhot into the ocean. Tquaſſouw remained inconſoleable for her loſs: he frequently climbed the lofty cliffs of Chirigriqua, and caſt his eyes on the watry expanſe. One night, as he ſtood howling with the wolves to the moon, he deſcried the paunch that contained the precious relicks of Knonmquaiha, dancing on a wave, and floating towards him. Thrice he cried out with a lamentable voice, Bo, Bo, Bo: then ſpringing from the cliff, he darted like the eagle ſouſing on his prey. The paunch burſt aſunder beneath his weight; the green wave was diſcoloured with the gore; and Tquaſſouw was inveloped in the maſs. He was heard of no more; and it was believed by the people, who remained ignorant of his cataſtrophe, that he was ſnatched up into the moon.

The fate of this unhappy pair is recorded among the nations of the Hottentots to this day; and their marriage rites

rites have ever ſince concluded with a wiſh, "That the "husband may be happier than Tquaſſouw, and the "wife more chaſte than Knonmquaiha."

W.

No. XXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1754.

Scilicet expectes, ut tradet mater honeſtos
Atque alios mores, quàm quos habet?—— Juv.

The ſame their breeding, and ſo like each other,
Miſs is the very model of her mother.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

I REMEMBER in a match between two perſons of different religions, it was ſtipulated in the marriage articles, that the boys ſhould be bred up in the perſuaſion of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. The conſequence of this was, that one part of the family was taught to look upon the other with a moſt pious contempt; and in the end it produced a ſeparation. The ſons followed the example of their father, and in order to avoid the leaſt appearance of ſuperſtition and bigotry, turned out free-thinkers: the lady of the houſe retired with her daughters to France, and to preſerve them from a communication with heretics, confined them in a nunnery.

The like method ſeems to be obſerved in the general education of children; who, as ſoon as they leave the nurſery, are reſigned over to the care and direction of their reſpective parents, according to their ſex: whence it often happens, that families are as much diſtinguiſhed by their peculiar manners, as by a certain caſt of features or complexion. My young ſquire is put upon a little horſe before he can well walk, and becomes (as his father was before him) the pupil and companion of the groom and the game-keeper; and if miſs's mamma ſhould chance to be the daughter of a poor man of quality,

though the wife of a ſubſtantial tradeſman, the little lady is early inſtructed to value herſelf on her blood, and to deſpiſe her father's dirty connections with buſineſs.

To this method of education it is owing, that the ſame vices and follies are delivered down from one generation to another. The modiſh exceſſes of theſe times are in their nature the ſame with thoſe which were formerly in vogue, though they differ ſomewhat in their ſhape and appearance. The preſent race of Bucks, Bloods, and Free-thinkers, are but the ſpawn of the Mohocks and the Hell-Fire-Club: and if our modern fine ladies have had their Maſquerades, their Vauxhalls, their ſunday tea-drinking at Ranelagh, and their morning chocolate in the Hay-Market, they have only improved upon the Ring, the Spring Gardens, the New-Exchange aſſignations, and the morning Puppet-Shew, which employed the attention of their grandmothers. And as it is not apparent, that our people of faſhion are more wicked, ſo neither are they wiſer than their predeceſſors.

When I contemplate the manner, in which the younger part of the polite world is brought up, I am apt to carry my reflections farther than what merely concerns their own perſons. Let our young men of faſhion expoſe their ignorance abroad, rather than improve at our Univerſities at home;—let them trifle away their time in inſipid amuſements, and run looſe about the town in one continued round of extravagance and debauchery,—let our young ladies be taught nothing but gallantry and whiſt, and be ſeen only at routs and aſſemblies;—if the conſequence extend not beyond themſelves. But as theſe are to be the fathers and mothers, the guardians and tutors, on whom the morals of our next race muſt depend; it becomes a public concern, leſt the reign of vice and ignorance ſhould be ſupported, as it were, by hereditary ſucceſſion, and propagated to diſtant generations.

The modern method of education is, indeed, ſo little calculated to promote virtue and learning, that it is almoſt impoſſible the children ſhould be wiſer or better than their parents. The country ſquire ſeldom fails of ſeeing his ſon as dull and aukward a looby as himſelf; while the debauched

bauched or foppiſh man of quality breeds up a rake or an empty coxcomb, who brings new diſeaſes into the family, and freſh mortgages on the eſtate. If you would therefore favour us, Mr. Town, with a few remarks on this ſubject, you would do ſervice to poſterity: for the preſent, give me leave to illuſtrate what I have ſaid, by the example of a very faſhionable family.

Lady Belle Modely was one of the fineſt women in the laſt reign, as the Colonel her huſband was one of the ſmarteſt fellows. After they had aſtoniſhed the world ſingly with the *eclat* of their actions, they came together: as her ladyſhip was proud of fixing a man, who was thought to have intrigued with half the women of faſhion; while the Colonel fell a ſacrifice to her beauty, only becauſe ſhe was admired by every body elſe. They lived together for ſome time in great ſplendour: but as matrimony was a conſtraint upon their freedom, they at length parted by a private agreement. Lady Belle keeps the beſt company, is at the head of every party of pleaſure, never miſſes a maſquerade, and has card-tables conſtantly at her own houſe on ſundays. The Colonel is one of the oldeſt members of the club at White's, runs horſes at Newmarket, has an actreſs in keeping, and is protected from the impertinence of duns, by having purchaſed a ſeat in parliament at almoſt as great an expence, as would have ſatisfied the demands of his creditors.

They have two children: the one has been educated by the direction of his father, the other has been bred up under the eye of her mamma. The boy was, indeed, put to grammar-ſchool for a while; but Latin and Greek, or indeed, any language except French, are of no ſervice to a gentleman: and as the lad had diſcovered early marks of ſpirit, (ſuch as kicking down wheel-barrows, and ſetting old women on their heads) the Colonel ſwore Jack ſhould be a ſoldier, and accordingly begged a pair of Colours for him, before he was fifteen. The Colonel, who had ſerved only in the peaceful campaigns of Covent-Garden, took great pains to inſtil into Jack all that proweſs ſo remarkable in the modern heroes of the army. He enumerated his victories over bullies, his encounters

with ſharpers, his midnight ſkirmiſhes with conſtables, his ſtorming of bagnios, his impriſonment in round-houſes, and his honourable wounds in the ſervice of proſtitutes. The Captain could not fail of improving under ſo excellent a tutor, and ſoon became as eminent as his father. He is a Blood of the firſt rate; Sherlock has inſtructed him in the uſe of the broad ſword, and Broughton has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at aſſemblies, a ſharper at the gaming-table, and a bully at the bagnios. He has not yet killed his man in the honourable way; but he has gallantly crippled ſeveral watchmen, and moſt couragiouſly run a waiter through the body. His ſcanty pay will not allow him to keep a miſtreſs; but it is ſaid, that he is privately married to a woman of the town.

Such is the conſequence of the ſon's education; and by this our people of diſtinction may learn, how much better, it is to let a lad ſee the world, as the phraſe is, than to laſh him through a grammar-ſchool like a pariſh-boy, and confine him with dull pedants in a college-cloiſter. Lady Belle has not been leſs careful of her daughter Miſs Harriot. Thoſe, who undertake the buſineſs of educating polite females, have laid it down as a rule to conſider women merely as dolls; and therefore never attempt the cultivation of their principles, but employ their whole attention on adorning their perſons. The romantic notions of honour and virtue are only fit for poor aukward creatures, who are to marry a ſhop-keeper or a parſon; but they can be of no uſe to a fine girl, who is deſigned to make a figure. Accordingly Miſs Harriot was committed to the care of Madame Governante, who never ſuffered her to ſpeak a word of Engliſh, and a French dancing-maſter, who taught her to hold up her head, and come into the room like a little lady. As ſhe grew up, her mamma inſtructed her in the niceſt points of ceremony and good-breeding: ſhe explained to her the laws and regulations of dreſs, directed her in the choice of her brocades, told her what faſhions beſt became her, and what colours beſt ſuited her complexion. Theſe excellent

lent rules were conſtantly enforced by examples drawn from her ladyſhip's own practice: above all, ſhe unravelled the various arts of gallantry and intrigue, recounted the ſtratagems ſhe had herſelf employed in gaining new conqueſts, taught her when to advance and when to retreat, and how far ſhe might venture to indulge herſelf in certain freedoms without endangering her reputation.

Miſs Harriot ſoon became the public admiration of all the pretty fellows, and was allowed to be a lady of the moſt elegant accompliſhments. She was reckoned to play a better game at whiſt than Mrs. Sharply, and to bet with more ſpirit at brag than the bold lady Atall. She was carried about to Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, and every other place of diverſion, by the mother; where ſhe was expoſed as at a public mart for beauty, and put up to the beſt bidder. But as Miſs had ſome fortune in her own diſpoſal, ſhe had not the patience to wait the formal delays of marriage articles, jointures, ſettlements, and pin-money; and (juſt before the late act took place) eloped with a gentleman, who had long been very intimate with her mamma, and recommended himſelf to Miſs Harriot by a ſtature of ſix foot and a ſhoulder-knot.

I am, Sir,

O Your humble ſervant, &c.

No. XXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1754.

——Qui modò ſcurra
Aut ſi quid hâc re tritius videbatur,
Idem inficeto eſt inficetior rure. CATULL.

The Fool of Pantomime, who ne'er ſpake word,
Or worſe than Fool, the Senator or Lord,
In the dull country his dull trade perſuing,
The blockhead underdoes his underdoing.

I HAVE lately received ſeveral letters from my couſin Village, concerning the entertainments of the country. He tells me, that they have concerts every evening in that part of the month, in which the almanack promiſes it will be moon-light. In one little town in particular, all the polite company of the place aſſemble every Sunday evening (after church) at the Three Compaſſes, which is kept by the clerk, to regale themſelves with cakes and fine home-brewed in an arbour at the end of his cabbage-garden; to which they have given the genteel denomination of Little Ranelagh. I ſhall this day preſent my reader with his laſt letter; and only take notice of the grand difference between the ſummer amuſements in town and country. In London, while we are almoſt ſmothered in ſmoke and duſt, gardens are opened every evening to refreſh us with the pure air of the country; while thoſe, who have the fineſt walks and moſt beautiful proſpects eternally before them, ſhut themſelves up in theatres and ball-rooms, "lock "fair day-light out, and make themſelves an artificial "London."

Dear Couſin,

WHEREVER the town goes, thoſe who live by the town naturally follow. The facetious and entertaining gentry, who during the winter amuſed the world within the bills of mortality, are now diſperſed into different parts of the country. We have had moſt of them here already. The Coloſſus, the Dwarf, the Female Samſon,

Samſon, made ſome ſtay with us. We went for a week together to ſee Mr. Powell eat red-hot tobacco pipes, and ſwallow fire and brimſtone. The Hermaphrodite was obliged to leave the town on a ſcandalous report, that a lady uſed frequently to viſit him in private. Mr. Church for ſome time charmed us with concertos and ſonatos on the Jew's-Harp, and at our laſt ball we footed it to our uſual melody of the tabor and pipe, accompanied with the cymbal and wooden ſpoons.

I will not tire you with a particular detail of all our entertainments, but confine myſelf at preſent to thoſe of the Stage. About the middle of laſt month there came among us one of thoſe gentlemen, who are famous for the cure of every diſtemper, and eſpecially thoſe pronounced incurable by the faculty. The vulgar call him a Mountebank;—but when I conſidered his impaſſioned ſpeeches, and the extempore Stage from which he uttered them, I was apt to compare him to Theſpis and his cart. Again, when I beheld the Doctor dealing out his drugs, and at the ſame time ſaw his Merry Andrew play over his tricks, it put me in mind of a tragi-comedy; where the pathetic and the ludicrous are ſo intimately connected, and the whole piece is ſo merry and ſo ſad, that the audience is at a loſs whether they ſhall laugh or cry.

After the Doctor had been here ſome time, there came down two or three emiſſaries from a ſtrolling company, in order (according to the players phraſe) to take the Town; but the Mayor being a ſtrict Preſbyterian, abſolutely refuſed to licenſe their exhibitions. The players, you muſt know, finding this a good town, had taken a leaſe laſt ſummer of an old ſynagogue deſerted by the Jews; and were therefore much alarmed at this diſappointment: but when they were in the utmoſt deſpair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayoreſs, who prevailed on her huſband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their ſynagogue-theatre with the Merchant of Venice: and finding the doctor's Zany a droll fellow, they decoyed him into their ſervice; and he has ſince performed the part

of

of the Mock Doctor with univerſal applauſe. Upon his revolt the Doctor himſelf found it abſolutely neceſſary to enter of the company; and having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great ſucceſs the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

The performers at our ruſtic theatre are far beyond thoſe paltry ſtrollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-houſe; for (as their bills declare) they are a company of comedians from the Theatres Royal: and I aſſure you, they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The ſhops of our tradeſmen have been almoſt deſerted, and a croud of weavers and hardware-men have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. ——, at the particular deſire of ſeveral ladies of diſtinction. It is true, indeed, that our principal actors have moſt of them had their education in Covent-Garden, or Drury-Lane; but they have been employed in the buſineſs of the drama in a degree but juſt above a ſcene-ſhifter. An heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her riſing merit) ſcarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out Andromache or Belvidera; the attendants on a monarch ſtruts monarchs themſelves, mutes find their voices, and meſſage-bearers riſe into heroes. The humour of our beſt comedian conſiſts in ſhrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin: in ſhort, he practiſes on Congreve and Vanbrugh all thoſe diſtortions, that gained him ſo much applauſe from the galleries, in the drubs which he was condemned to undergo in pantomimes. I was vaſtly diverted at ſeeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whoſe chief action was a continual preſſing toge ther of the thumb and fore-finger; which, had he lifted them to his noſe, I ſhould have thought he deſigned as an imitation of taking ſnuff: but I could eaſily account for the cauſe of this ſingular geſture, when I diſcovered, that Sir Harry was no leſs a perſon

a perſon than the dextrous Mr. Clippit the candle-ſnuffer.

You would laugh to ſee, how ſtrangely the parts of a play are caſt. They played Cato; and their Marcia was ſuch an old woman, that when Juba came on with his—"Hail! charming maid!"—the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was ſurpriſed to hear an eager lover talk of ruſhing into his miſtreſs's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and deſiring (in the tragedy rapture) to "hug her thus, and thus for ever;" though he always took care to ſtand at a moſt ceremonious diſtance; but I was afterwards very much diverted at the cauſe of this extraordinary reſpect, when I was told, that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occaſioned ſuch a diſagreeable ſtench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arms's length. The entertainment was Lethe: and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South-Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, ſupplied it's place by gabbling in his native Welch.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about a checked handkerchief; the ghoſt of Hamlet ſtalks in a poſtilion's leathern-jacket for a coat of mail; and, in a new pantomime of their own, Cupid enters with a fiddle-caſe ſlung over his ſhoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the houſe, for lending them a peſtle and mortar to ſerve as the bell in Venice Preſerved; and a barber-ſurgeon has the ſame privilege, for furniſhing them with baſons of blood to beſmear the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himſelf carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and, as the breaking of glaſſes would be very expenſive, he daſhes down a pewter pint pot at the ſight of Banquo's ghoſt.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no ſmall diverſion to the audience. It ſeems, there had been a great conteſt between two of theſe mimic heroes, who was the fitteſt to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better perſon, as he was

very round-ſhouldered, and one of his legs was ſhorter than the other; but his antagoniſt carried the part, becauſe he ſtarted beſt in the tent-ſcene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both ruſhed in upon the ſtage at once; and bawling out together "Now are our brows "bound with victorious wreaths," they both went through the whole ſpeech without ſtopping.

T I am, dear couſin, yours, &c

No. XXIV. THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1754.

Ille dabit populo, patribuſque, equitique legendum.
MART.

Books, that the knowledge of the world can ſhew,
Such as might pleaſe a lady, or a beau.

WHEN I conſider the abſurd taſte for literature, that once prevailed among our perſons of diſtinction, I cannot but applaud the reformation, which has been ſince brought about in this article by the polite world. A Duke of Newcaſtle made himſelf remarkable by a Treatiſe on Horſemanſhip; a Rocheſter ſupplied the place of Ovid in the cloſets of men of pleaſure; and even the ladies of former ages ſacrificed to love in novels and romances. I will not mention a Shafteſbury, as our preſent age has produced a Bolingbroke.—We of this generation are wiſer than to ſuffer our youth of quality to loſe their precious time in ſtudying the *belles lettres*, while our only care is to introduce them into the *beau monde*. A modern peer, inſtead of laying down the theory of horſemanſhip, is perfect in the practice, and commences jockey himſelf; and our rakes of faſhion are content with acting the ſcenes, which Rocheſter deſcribed. Our ladies are, indeed, very well qualified to publiſh a recital of amours; and one in particular has already entertained the world with memoirs of her own intrigues, cuckoldoms and elopements.

I am

I am very glad to find the preſent age ſo entirely free from pedantry. Some part of the polite world read, indeed, but they are ſo wiſe as to read only for amuſement; or at leaſt only to improve themſelves in the more modern and faſhionable ſciences. A Treatiſe on Whiſt has more admirers than a Syſtem of Logic, and a New Atalantis would be more univerſally read than a Practice of Piety. A fine gentleman or lady would no more chuſe the mind of a pedant, than the perſon of a cook-maid or a porter. I cannot, therefore, but approve of the plan laid down by the writer of the following letter, and would recommend it to all perſons of faſhion to ſubſcribe to his propoſals.

Sir,

I HAVE long obſerved with infinite regret the little care that is taken, to ſupply perſons of diſtinction with proper books for their inſtruction and amuſement. It is no wonder, that they ſhould be ſo averſe to ſtudy, when learning is rendered ſo diſagreeable. Common creatures, indeed, as ſoon as they can ſpell, may be made to read a dull chapter in the Teſtament; after which the Whole Duty of Man, or ſome other uſeleſs good book, may be put into their hands; but theſe can never inſtruct a man of the world to ſay fine things to a lady, or to ſwear with a good grace. Among a few dirty pedants the knowledge of Greek and Latin may be cultivated; but among fine gentlemen theſe are juſtly diſcarded for French and Italian. Why ſhould perſons of quality trouble themſelves about mathematics and philoſophy, or throw away their time in ſcratching circles and triangles on a ſlate, and then rubbing them out again? All the algebra requiſite for them to know, is the combination of figures on the dice; nor could Euclid be of any uſe to them, except he had repreſented the moſt graceful attitudes in fencing, or drawn out the lines of a minuet.

In order to remedy thoſe inconveniences, and that the erudition of perſons of faſhion may be as different from the vulgar knowledge of the reſt of mankind as their

dreſs, I have formed a project for regulating their ſtudies. An old crabbed philoſopher once told a monarch, that there was no royal way of learning the mathematics:——Firſt then, as to the muſty volumes which contain Greek, Latin, and the ſciences, (ſince there is no genteel method of coming at the knowledge of them,) I would baniſh them entirely from the polite world, and have them chained down in univerſity libraries, the only places where they can be uſeful or entertaining. Having thus cleared the ſhelves of this learned lumber, we ſhall have room to fill them more elegantly. To this end, I have collected all ſuch books, as are proper to be peruſed by people of quality; and ſhall ſhortly make my ſcheme public by opening an handſome room under the title of the Polite Circulating Library. Many of my books are entirely new and original: all the modern novels, and moſt of the periodical papers fall ſo directly in with my plan. that they will be ſure to find a place in my library; and if Mr. Town ſhews himſelf an encourager of my ſcheme, I ſhall expect to ſee peers and peereſſes take up the pen, and ſhine in the Connoiſſeur.

I intend in the beginning of the winter to publiſh my propoſals at large, and in the mean time, beg you to ſubmit the following ſpecimen of my books to the public.

CATALOGUE of BOOKS, &c.

REVELATION, a Romace.
The Complete Cook. By Solomon Gundy.
The Gentleman's Religion. By a Free-Thinker.
Diſſertation on Parties. Or an Eſſay on Breaking of Eggs. Addreſſed to the Big and Little Endians.
A Defence of Alexander the Copperſmith againſt St. Paul. By the late Lord Bolingbroke.
The Practice of Bagnios: or the Modern Method of Sweating.
The Ladies Diſpenſatory: containing the moſt approved Recipes for Tooth-Powders, Lip-Salves, Beautifying Lotions, Almond Paſtes, Ointments for Freckles, Pomatums,

matums, and Hyſteric Waters; according to the preſent Practice.

A Deſcription of the World; with the Latitudes of Vaux-Hall, Ranelagh, the Theatres, the Opera-houſe, &c. calculated for the Meridian of St. James's.

A Map of the Roads leading to Tyburn. By James Maclean, Eſq; late Surveyor of the High-Ways.

Eſſay on Delicacy. By an Enſign of the Guards.

The Art of Diſſembling. From the French.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. From an Original publiſhed at Berlin.

The Spirit of Laws. With Notes on the Game-Act, the Jew-Bill, and the Bill for preventing Marriages.

Jargon *verſus* Common Senſe. By a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.

Univerſal Arithmetic. Containing Calculations for laying the Odds at Horſe-Racing, Cocking, Card-playing, &c.

Optics, or the Uſe of Opera-Glaſſes; with the Importance and Benefit of Near-Sightedneſs conſidered. To which is added, a Diſſertation on the portable Pocket Looking-Glaſs.

The Modern Gymnaſium. By Broughton.

Geometry made eaſy, and adapted to the meaneſt Capacity. By Nath. Hart, Dancing-Maſter to Grown Gentlemen.

De Oratore, or the Art of ſpeaking on all Subjects By Andrew Mac Broad, F. R. H. S. Fellow of the Robin Hood Society.

A Diſſertation on the Miracle of the Five Loaves. By the Baker, Preſident of the ſame Society.

Garrick upon Death; with an Account of the ſeveral Diſtortions of the Face, and Writhings of the Body; and particular Directions concerning Sighs, Groans, Ohs, Ahs, &c. &c. for the Uſe of Young Actors.

The Court Regiſter; containing an exact Liſt of all Public Days, Routs, Aſſemblies, &c. where and when kept.

The Engliſhman in Paris.

The Engliſhman returned from Paris.

The Whole Duty of Woman. Diſpoſed under the Articles of Viſiting, Cards, Maſquerades, Plays, Dreſs, &c.

A Diſſertation on the Waters of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, Scarborough, and the Bath: Shewing their wonderful Efficacy in removing the Vapours;—with Directions how to aſſiſt their Operations by uſing the Exerciſe of Country-Dancing.

The Traveller's Guide, or Young Nobleman's Vade Mecum. Containing an exact Liſt of the moſt eminent Peruke Makers, Taylors, and Dancing-maſters, &c. Being the Sum of a Gentleman's Experience during his Tour through France and Italy.

Honour, or the Faſhionable Combat. Hownſlow Heath, or the Dernier Reſort.—The Suicide, or the Coup de Grace.—Tragedies.

The Virgin Unmaſk'd—Miſs in her Teens.—The Debauchees.—She would, if ſhe could.—The Careleſs Huſband.—The Wanton Wife.—The innocent Adultery.—Comedies; as they are now acting with univerſal Applauſe.

The True Patriot, a Farce.

Handeli, Geminiani, Degiardini, Chabrani, Paſquali, Paſqualini, Paſſerini, Baumgarteni, Guadagni, Fraſi, Galli, item aliorum Harmonioſiſſimorum Signororum et Signorarum Opera.

T.

No. XXV. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

———Vivimus ambitiosâ
Paupertate.——— Juv.

A lac'd embroider'd, powder'd, beggar-croud;
Haughty, yet even poorer than they're proud.

A LITTLE Frenchman, commonly known in town by the name of Count, and whoſe figure has been long ſtuck up in the windows of printſhops, was always remarkable for the meanneſs, and at the ſame time the

the foppery of his appearance. His ſhoes, though perhaps capped at the toe, had red heels to them; and his ſtockings, though often full of holes, were conſtantly rolled up over his knees. By good luck he was once maſter of half a guinea; and having a great longing for a feather to his hat, and a very preſſing neceſſity for a pair of breeches, he debated with himſelf about the diſpoſal of his money. However, his vanity got the better of his neceſſity; and the next time the Count appeared in the Mall, by the ornaments of his head, you would have imagined him a Beau, and by the nether part of his dreſs you would have taken him for a Heathen Philoſopher.

The conduct of this Frenchman, however ridiculous, is copied by a multitude of people in this town. To the ſame little pride of deſiring to appear finer than they can afford, are owing the many ruſty ſuits of black, the tyes that ſeem taken from the baſket of a ſhoeboy, and the ſmart waiſtcoats edged with a narrow cord, which ſerves as an apology for lace. I know a man of this caſt, who has but one coat: but by now and then turning the cuffs, and changing the cape, it paſſes for two. He uſes the ſame artifice with his peruke, which is naturally a kind of flowing Bob; but by the occaſional addition of two tails, it ſometimes appears as a Major. Of this ſort of men are compoſed the numerous fraternity of the ſhabby-genteel, who are the chief ſupport of the clothiers in Monmouth-Street, and the barbers in Middle-Row.

Women are naturally ſo fond of ornament, that it is no wonder we ſhould meet with ſo many ſecond-hand gentry in that ſex. Hence ariſe the red-armed belles that appear in the park every Sunday; hence it is, that ſacks and petenlairs may be ſeen at Moorfields and White-Chapel; and that thoſe, who are ambitious to ſhine in diamonds, glitter in paſte and Scotch pebbles. When I ſee the wives and daughters of tradeſmen and mechanics make ſuch attempts at finery, I cannot help pitying their poor fathers and huſbands; and at the ſame time am apt to conſider their dreſs as a roberry on the ſhop. Thus, when I obſerve the tawdry gentility of a tallow-chandler's daughter, I look upon her as hung

round with long ſixes, ſhort eights, and ruſh-lights; and when I contemplate the aukward pride of dreſs in a butcher's wife, I ſuppoſe her carrying about her ſurloins of beef, fillets of veal, and ſhoulders of mutton. I was vaſtly diverted with a diſcovery I made a few days ſince. Going upon ſome buſineſs to a tradeſman's houſe, I ſurpriſed in a very extraordinary deſhabille two females, whom I had been frequently uſed to ſee ſtrangely dizened out in the Mall. Theſe fine ladies, it ſeems, were no other than my honeſt friend's daughters; and one, who always dreſſes the family dinner, was genteely employed in winding up the jack, while the other was up to the elbows in ſoap-ſuds.

A deſire of grandeur and magnificence is often abſurd in thoſe who can ſupport it; but when it takes hold of thoſe, who can ſcarce furniſh themſelves with neceſſaries, their poverty, inſtead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule. Many familes among thoſe, who are called middling people, are not content without living elegantly as well as comfortably, and often involve themſelves in very comical diſtreſſes. When they aim at appearing grand in the eye of the world, they grow proportionably mean and ſordid in private. I went the other day to dine with an old friend; and as he uſed to keep a remarkable good table, I was ſurpriſed that I could ſcarce make a meal with him. After dinner he rung the bell, and ordered the chariot to be got ready at ſix; and then turning to me with an air of ſuperiority, aſked if he ſhould ſet me down. Here the riddle was out; and I found that his equipage had eat up his table, and that he was obliged to ſtarve his family to feed his horſes.

I am acquainted at another houſe, where the maſter keeps an account againſt himſelf. This account is exactly ſtated in a large ledger-book. What he ſaves from his ordinary expences he places under the title of Debtor, and what he runs out is ranged under Creditor. I had lately an opportunity of turning over this curious account, and could not help ſmiling at many of the articles. Among the reſt, I remember the following, with which I ſhall preſent the reader.

DEB-

DEBTOR.

Dined abroad all this week—My Wife ill—Saw no Company—Saved ſeven Dinners, &c.

Kept Lent, and ſaved in Table-Charges the Expence of four Weeks.

Bated from the Baker's Bill half a Crown.

Saved in Apparel, by my Family continuing to wear Mourning three Months longer than was requiſite for the Death of an Aunt.

Received 11. 10s. of the Undertaker, in lieu of a Scarf, Hatband, and Gloves.

CREDITOR.

Went to the Play with my Wife and Daughters—Sat in the Boxes, inſtead of the Gallery, as uſual.—Mem. To go to no more Plays this Year.

Invited Sir Charles Courtly and Major Standard to Dinner.—Treated with Claret, and two Courſes, in order to appear handſome. Mem. To be denied to every body before Dinner-time for theſe next three Weeks.

Sunday—my Wife had a Rout—Loſt at Whiſt thirty Guineas—Card-money received, Fifty Shillings—N. B. My Wife muſt be ill again.

Gave at Church to a Brief for a terrible Fire, Six-pence.—Charity begins at home.

I ſhould be ſorry to have this method of ballancing accounts become general. True œconomy does not merely conſiſt in not exceeding our income, but in ſuch a judicious management of it, as renders our whole appearance equal and conſiſtent. We ſhould laugh at a nobleman, who, to ſupport the expence of running horſes, ſhould abridge his ſet to a pair; and, that his jockies might come in firſt for the plate, be content to have his family dragged to his country-ſeat, like ſervant-maids in the Caravan. There are many well-meaning people, who have the pride of living in a polite quarter of the town, though they are diſtreſſed even to pay the taxes; and nothing is more common than to ſee one particular room in an houſe furniſhed

furniſhed like a palace, while the reſt have ſcarce the neceſſary accomodations of an inn. Such a conduct appears to me equally ridiculous with that of the Frenchman, who (according to the jeſt) for the ſake of wearing ruffles, is contented to go without a ſhirt.

This endeavour to appear grander than our circumſtances will allow, is no where ſo contemptible as among thoſe men of pleaſure about town, who have not fortunes in any proportion to their ſpirit. Men of quality have wiſely contrived, that their ſins ſhould be expenſive: for which reaſon thoſe, who with equal taſte have leſs money, are obliged to be œconomiſts in their ſins, and are put to many little ſhifts to appear tolerably profligate and debauched. They get a knowledge of the names and faces of the moſt noted women upon town, and pretend an intimate acquaintance with them; though they know none of that order of ladies above the draggle-trailed proſtitutes who walk the Strand. They talk very familiarly of the Kings-arms, and are in raptures with Mrs. Allan's claret; though they always dine ſnugly at a chop-houſe, and ſpend their evening at an ale-houſe or cyder-cellar. The moſt ridiculous character I know of this ſort is a young fellow, the ſon of a rich tobacconiſt in the city, who (becauſe it is the faſhion) has taken a girl into keeping. He knows the world better than to ſet her up a chariot, or let her have money at her own diſpoſal. He regulates her expences with the niceſt œconomy, employs every morning in ſetting down what is laid out upon her, and very ſeriouſly takes an account of rolls and butter, two-pence—for ribband, one ſhilling and four-pence—pins, an half-penny, &c. &c. Thus does he reconcile his extravagance and frugality to each other; and is as penurious and exact as an uſurer, that he may be as genteel and wicked as a lord.

O.

Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, Nov.r 9. 1793.

No. XXVI. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754.

Hic dies verè mihi feſtus atras
Eximet curas.——— Hor.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day, that comes between,
A Saturday and Monday.

Old Ballad.

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance lately laid before me an eſtimate of the conſumption of bread and cheeſe, cakes, ale, &c. in all the little towns near London every Sunday. It is incredible how many thouſand buns are devoured in that one day at Chelſea and Paddington, and how much beer is ſwallowed at Iſlington and Mile-End. Upon the whole I was vaſtly entertained with a review of this eſtimate; and could not help approving the obſervation of Tom Brown, "that the Sabbath is a "very fine inſtitution, ſince the very breaking it is the "ſupport of half the villages about our metropolis."

Our common people are very obſervant of that part of the commandment, which enjoins them to do no manner of work on that day; and which they alſo ſeem to underſtand as a licence to devote it to pleaſure. They take this opportunity of thruſting their heads into the pillory at Georgia, being ſworn at Highgate, and rolling down Flamſtead Hill, in the park at Greenwich. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of London and Weſtminſter, than a rainy Sunday: and how many honeſt people would be baulked of a ride once a week, if the legiſlator was to limit the hired one-horſe chaiſes working on that day to a certain number, as well as the hackney coaches?

The ſubſtantial tradeſman is wheeled down to his ſnug Box; which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that over runs the front, and is placed as near to the road ſide as poſſible, where the pleaſure of ſeeing carriages paſs under

under his window, amply compenſates for his being almoſt ſmothered with duſt. The few ſmart prentices, who are able to ſit an horſe, may be ſeen ſpurring their broken-winded hacks up the hills; and the good-natured huſband, together with his mate, is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot paſſenger, who (to compleat the Sunday picture) trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other, and waddles at his ſide ſweltering beneath the unuſual weight of an hoop-petticoat.

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that the country has in itſelf any peculiar attractive charms to thoſe, who think themſelves out of the world, if they are not within the ſound of Bow Bell. To moſt of our cockneys it ſerves only as an excuſe for eating and drinking; and they get out of town, merely becauſe they have nothing to do at home. A brick-kiln ſmells as ſweet to them as a farm-yard; they would paſs by a barn or an hay-ſtack without notice; but they rejoice at the ſight of every hedge ale-houſe, that promiſes good home-brew'd. As the reſt of a cit's life is regular and uniform, his Sunday diverſions have as little variety; and if he was to take a journal of them, we might ſuppoſe that it would run much in the following manner.

Sunday—Overſlept myſelf—Did not riſe 'till nine—Was a full hour in pulling on my new double channell'd pumps—Could get no breakfaſt, my wife being buſy in dreſſing herſelf for church.

At ten—Family at church—Self walked to Mother Red-Cap's—ſmoked half a pipe, and drank a pint of the Alderman's. N. B. The beer not ſo good as at the Adam and Eve at Pancraſs.

Dined at one—Pudding not boiled enough, ſuet muſty—Wife was to drive me in an one-horſe chair to ſee Mother Well's at Enfield-Waſh, but it looked likely to rain—Took a nap and poſted ſeven pages from my day-book, 'till five. Mem. Colonel Promiſe has loſt his election, and is turned out of his place.—To arreſt him to-morrow.

At ſix—Mrs. Deputy to drink tea with my wife—I hate

hate their ſlip ſlops—Called on my neighbour the Common-Council-Man, and took a walk with him at Iſlington.

From ſeven to eight—Smoked a pipe at the Caſtle, eat an heart cake, and drank two pints of cyder. N. B. To drink cyder often, becauſe neighbour tells me it is good for the ſtone and gravel.

At nine—Got to town again, very much fatigued with the journey—Pulled off my claret-coloured coat, and blue ſattin waiſtcoat—Went to club, ſmoked three pipes, came home at twelve, and ſlept very ſoundly, 'till the prentice called me to go and take out a writ againſt Colonel Promiſe.

As to perſons of quality, like Lady Loverule in the farce, they cannot ſee why one day ſhould be more holy than another: therefore Sunday wears the ſame face with them, as the reſt of the week. Accordingly, for ſome part of this ſummer, Ranelagh was opened on Sunday evenings; and I cannot help wondering, that the cuſtom did not continue. It muſt have been very convenient to paſs away the time there, 'till the hour of meeting at the card-table; and it was certainly more decent to fix aſſignations there, than at church.

Going to church may, indeed, be reckoned among our Sunday amuſements, as it is made a mere matter of diverſion among many well-meaning people, who are induced to appear in a place of worſhip from the ſame motives, that they frequent other public places. To ſome it anſwers all the purpoſes of a rout or aſſembly,—to ſee and to be ſeen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, curt'ſies, and loud converſations, one might conclude, that they imagined themſelves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of ſhewing their taſte for dreſs. Not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the muſic rather than the prayers; and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, though they are lulled to ſleep by the harangue from the pulpit. A well diſpoſed Chriſtian will go a mile from his own houſe to the Temple-Church, not becauſe a Sherlock is to preach, but to hear a Solo from Stanley.

But

But though going to church may be deemed a kind of amuſement, yet upon modern principles it appears ſuch a very odd one, that I am at a loſs to account for the reaſons, which induced our anceſtors to give into that method of paſſing their Sunday. At leaſt it is ſo wholly incompatible with the polite ſyſtem of life, that a perſon of faſhion (as affairs are now managed) finds it abſolutely impoſſible to comply with this practice. Then again, the ſervice always begins at ſuch unfaſhionable hours, that in the morning a man muſt huddle on his cloaths, like a boy to run to ſchool, and in an afternoon muſt inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all theſe objections, and that ſome Ritual may be eſtabliſhed in this kingdom, agreeable to our inclinations, and conſiſtent with our practice, the following ſcheme has been lately ſent me, in order to ſubmit it to the ſerious conſideration of the public.

Imprimis—It is humbly propoſed, that Chriſtianity be entirely aboliſhed by Act of Parliament, and that no other religion be impoſed on us in its ſtead; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at laſt be quite delivered from the influence of ſuperſtition and bigotry.

Secondly—That in order to prevent our ever relapſing into pious errors, and that the common people may not loſe their holiday, every Sunday be ſet apart to commemorate our victory over all religion; that the churches be turned into free-thinking meeting-houſes, and diſcourſes read in them to confute the doctrine of a future ſtate, the immortality of the ſoul, and other abſurd notions, which ſome people now regard as objects of belief.

Thirdly—That a ritual be compiled exactly oppoſite to our preſent liturgy; and that, inſtead of reading portions of ſcripture, the firſt and ſecond leſſons ſhall conſiſt of a ſection of the Poſthumous Works of Lord Bolingbroke, or of a few pages from the writings of Spinoza, Chubb, Maundeville, Hobbs, Collins, Tindal, &c. from which writers the preachers ſhall alſo take their text.

Fourthly—That the uſual feaſts and faſts, viz. Chriſtmas Day, Eaſter Sunday, Trinity Sunday, &c. be ſtill pre-

preſerved; but that on thoſe days diſcourſes be delivered ſuitable to the occaſion, containing a refutation of the Nativity, the Reſurrection, the Trinity, &c.

Fifthly—That inſtead of the vile melody of a clerk bawling out two ſtaves of Sternhold and Hopkins, or a cathedral choir ſinging anthems from the pſalter, ſome of the moſt faſhionable cantatas, opera airs, ſongs, or catches, be performed by the beſt voices for the entertainment of the company.

Laſtly—That the whole ſervice be conducted with ſuch taſte and elegance, as may render theſe Free-thinking meeting-houſes as agreeable as the theatres; and that they may be even more judiciouſly calculated for the propagation of atheiſm and infidelity, than the Robin Hood Society, or the Oratory in Clare Market.

T

No. XXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1754.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.

Words full of ſound, but quite devoid of ſenſe.

IT is a heavy tax upon authors, that they ſhould always be expected to write ſenſe. Some few indeed, who are rich in ſentiment, pay this tax very chearfully; but the generality endeavour one way or another to elude it. For this purpoſe ſome have moulded their pieces into the form of wings, axes, eggs, and altars; while others have laced down the ſide of a copy of verſes with the letters of their miſtreſs's name, and called it an acroſtic: not to mention the curious inventions of rebuſſes and anagrams. For the ſame reaſons, the modern ſong-writers for our public gardens, who are our principal love-poets at preſent, entertain us with ſonnets and madrigals in Crambo. Authors, who promiſe wit, pay us off with puns and quibbles; and with our writers of comedy, long ſwords, ſhort jerkins, and tables with carpets over them, paſs for incident and humour.

But no artifice of this ſort has been ſo often and ſo ſucceſsfully practiſed, as the immoderate uſe of uncouth terms and expreſſions. Words that mean nothing, provided they ſound big, and fill the ear, are the beſt ſuccedaneum for ſenſe. Nothing ſo effectually anſwers Mr. Bayes's endeavour to elevate and ſurpriſe; and the reader, though he ſees nothing but ſtraws float on the ſurface, candidly ſuppoſes, that there are pearls and diamonds at the bottom. Several dull authors, by availing themſelves of this ſecret, have paſſed for very deep writers; and arrant nonſenſe has as often laid ſnugly beneath hard words, as a ſhallow pate beneath the ſolemn appearance of a full-bottomed perriwig.

Thoſe, who are employed in what they call abſtract ſpeculations, moſt commonly have recourſe to this method. Their diſſertations are naturally expected to illuſtrate and explain; but this is ſometimes a taſk above their abilities: and when they have led the reader into a maze, from which they cannot deliver him, they very wiſely bewilder him the more. This is the caſe with thoſe profound writers, who have treated concerning the eſſence of matter, who talk very gravely of *cuppeity*, *tableity*, *tallow-candleity*, and twenty other things with as much ſound and as little ſignification. Of theſe we may very well ſay with the poet,

> Such labour'd nothings in ſo ſtrange a ſtile,
> Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
>
> POPE.

No mode of expreſſion throws ſuch an impenetrable miſt over a work, as an unneceſſary profuſion of technical terms. This will appear very plainly to thoſe, who will turn over a few pages of any modern collection of voyages. Deſcriptions of a ſtorm make ſome of the fineſt and moſt ſtriking paſſages in the beſt poets; and it is for theſe in particular, that Longinus admires the Odyſſey. The real circumſtances of a ſtorm are in themſelves, without the aid of poetical ornaments, very affecting; yet whoever reads an account of them in any of our writers

of

of voyages, will be ſo puzzled and perplexed with ſtarboard and larboard, the main-maſt and mizen-maſt, and a multitude of ſea-terms, that he will not be the leaſt moved at the diſtreſs of the ſhip's crew. The abſurdity of this did not eſcape Swift, who has ridiculed it by a mock deſcription of the ſame kind in his Gulliver. Thoſe, who treat military ſubjects, are equally ridiculous: they overwhelm you with counterſcarps, paliſades, baſtions, &c. and ſo fortify their no-meaning with hard words, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to beat them out of their intrenchments. Such writers, who abound in technical terms, always put me in mind of Ignoramus in the play, who courts his miſtreſs out of the law-dictionary, runs over a long catalogue of the meſſuages, lands, tenements, barns, outhouſes, &c. of which he will put her in poſſeſſion, if ſhe will *join iſſue* with him, and manifeſts his paſſion, in the ſame manner that he would draw up a leaſe.

This affectation is never more offenſive, than when it gets into the pulpit. The greater part of almoſt every audience that ſits under our preachers, are ignorant and illiterate, and ſhould therefore have every thing delivered to them in as plain, ſimple, and intelligible a manner as poſſible. Hard words, if they have any meaning, can only ſerve to make them ſtare; and they can never be edified by what they do not underſtand. Young clergymen, juſt come from the univerſity, are proud of ſhewing the world, that they have been reading the Fathers, and are fond of entering on the moſt abſtruſe points of divinity. But they would employ their time more to their own credit, as well as the improvement of their hearers, if they would rather endeavour to explain and inforce the precepts of the Apoſtles and Evangeliſts, than retail the confuſed hypotheſes of crabbed metaphyſicians.

As to Eſſays, and all other pieces that come under the denomination of familiar writings, one would imagine, that they muſt neceſſarily be written in the eaſy language of nature and common ſenſe. No writer can flatter himſelf, that his productions will be an agreeable part of the equipage of the tea-table, who writes almoſt too abſtruſe-

ly for the ſtudy, and involves his thoughts in hard words and affected latiniſms. Yet this has been reckoned by many the ſtandard ſtile for theſe looſe detached pieces. Addiſon was proud that he could boaſt, of having drawn learning out of ſchools and colleges into clubs and coffee-houſes, as Socrates was ſaid to draw morality from the clouds to dwell among men: but theſe people (as Lord Bolingbroke pretends to ſay of the ſame Socrates) mount the clouds themſelves. This new-fangled manner of delivering our ſentiments is called writing ſound ſenſe: and if I find this mode ſeems likely to prevail, I ſhall certainly think it expedient to give into it, and very ſuddenly oblige the world with a CONNOISSEUR ſo *ſenſible*, that it will be impoſſible to underſtand it.

But hard words and uncouth ways of expreſſing ourſelves never appear with ſo ill a grace, as in our common converſation ——In writing we expect ſome degree of exactneſs and preciſion; but if even there they ſeem harſh and diſagreeable, when they obſtruct the freedom of our familiar chat, they either make us laugh, or put us out of patience. It was imagined by the ancients, that things were called by one name among mortals, and by another among the Gods: in like manner ſome gentlemen, who would be accounted fine-ſpoken perſons, diſdain to mention the moſt trivial matters in the ſame terms with the reſt of the world; and ſcarce enquire how you do, or bid you good-morrow, in any phraſe that is intelligible. It always puts me in pain to find a lady give into this practice: if ſhe makes no blunder, it ſits very ungracefully upon her: but it is ten to one, that the rough uncouth ſyllables, that form theſe words, are too harſh and big for the pretty creature's mouth; and then ſhe maims them and breaks them to her uſe ſo whimſically, that one can ſcarce tell whether ſhe is talking French or Engliſh. I ſhall make no more reflections on this ſubject at preſent, but conclude my paper with a ſhort ſtory.

A merry fellow, who was formerly of the univerſity, going through Cambridge on a journey, took it into his head to call on his old tutor. As it is no great wonder, that pedantry ſhould be found in a college, the tutor uſed

to

to lard his converſation with numberleſs hard words and forced derivations from the Latin. His pupil, who had a mind to banter the old gentleman on his darling foible, when he viſited him, entered his chambers with an huge dictionary under his arm. The firſt compliments were ſcarce over, before the tutor bolted out a word big enough for the mouth of Garagantua. Here the pupil begged that he would ſtop a little; and after turning over his dictionary deſired him to proceed. The learned gentleman went on, and the pupil ſeemed to liſten with great attention, till another word came out as hard as the former, at which he again interrupted him, and again had recourſe to his dictionary.—This appears to me the only way of converſing with perſons of ſo pompous an elocution; unleſs we convert the orators themſelves into Lexicons to interpret their own phraſes, by troubling them to reduce the meaning of their fine ſpeeches into plain Engliſh.

No. XXVIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1754.

——— Sequar atris ignibus abſens,
Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis improbe pœnas.

VIRG.

Thou to thy crime ſhalt feel the vengeance due;
With hell's black fires for ever I'll perſue;
In every place my injured ſhade ſhall riſe,
And conſcience ſtill preſent me to thy eyes.

TOM Dare-Devil, who was ſo much ſuperior to the reſt of our *bucks* that he gained the appellation of *Stag*, finiſhed a courſe of continual debaucheries, and was carried off laſt week by a phrenetic fever. I happened to be preſent at his laſt moments; and the remembrance of him ſtill dwells ſo ſtrongly on my mind, that I ſee him, I hear him, in all the agonies of deſpair, ſtarting, trembling, and uttering the moſt horrid execrations. His conſcience at the approach of death had conjured up before him "ten thouſand devils with their red-hot ſpits,"

who aſſumed the ſhapes of all thoſe whom he had injured, and "came hiſſing on him," to retaliate their wrongs. "Save me, ſave me," he would cry, "from "that bleeding form.—He was my friend—but I run "him through the heart in a quarrel about a whore." —"Take away that old fellow—He would have carried "us to the round-houſe—I knocked him down with his "own ſtaff,——but I did not think the poor dog would "have died by it." When the nurſe offered him a draught to take, "Why, ſaid he, will you ply me with "Champagne?—'tis a damnable liquor, and I'll drink "no more of it." In one of his lucid intervals he graſped my hand vehemently, and burſting into tears, "Would to God, ſaid he, I had died twenty years ago." At length his unwilling ſoul parted from the body; and the laſt words we heard from him were a faint ejaculation to his MAKER, whom he had blaſphemed all his life. His ſhocking exit made me reflect on that fine paſſage in the Scriptures, "Let me die the death of the "righteous, and let my latter end be like his."

The behaviour of this unhappy wretch afforded a dreadful inſtance of the truth of that maxim, "There "is no hell like a troubled conſcience." "Their needs, "indeed, no ghoſt to tell us this:" But it were to be wiſhed, that the conſcience of every living reprobate could work on his imagination in the ſame manner, and raiſe up ſuch horrid apparitions to torment him. Where is the wretch ſo hardened, who would not be diſmayed at theſe terrors? Or who could perſevere in a courſe of wickedneſs, when every freſh offence would create a new fury to haunt him for his crimes?

Let us, for inſtance, take a view of the moſt glaring circumſtances in the life of that arch-infidel Tom Dare-Devil: and let us at the ſame time conceive (if poſſible) what pangs he muſt have felt, had every flagitious act been attended with the ſame phantoms that diſtracted him on his death-bed. Firſt then, let us contemplate him as a parricide; for ſo he may be called, who by repeated diſobedience broke the heart of a moſt affectionate father. Could filial ingratitude receive a ſharper puniſhment, than

than in the midſt of his debaucheries to have this father continually before his eyes, expoſtulating with him on his unnatural behaviour? "O my ſon (might he have heard him ſay) "was it for this that thy mother, who died in "giving thee life, begged me with her laſt breath to be "kind to the boy? Was it for this that the country rung "with joy for my being bleſſed with an heir? O my "child, who can I now call my heir? That eſtate, "which I was ſo ſollicitous to improve for thy ſake, "is diſſipated among jockeys, gamblers, pimps, and proſ-"titutes. If you ſhould ever have a ſon, may his in-"gratitude never make you think of me."

Tom, indeed, took care never to have any vexation from children: He had too great a ſpirit to bear the ſhackles of matrimony, and lived in a ſtate of celibacy among bagnios. Sometimes he made inroads on private life, and diſturbed the peace of families by debauching the wives and daughters of his acquaintance. Among other gallant exploits, he decoyed up to town the daughter of a country gentleman, where he ruined her, and then left her to linger under an infamous diſeaſe. At length the fruits of his amour appeared in a child, which ſoon periſhed with its unhappy parent in a public hoſpital. By the ſame magic of the fancy let us raiſe up this poor girl with the infant in her arms, while he is wantonning among his doxies, and lording it like a baſhaw over the vaſſals of his luſt. What remorſe muſt this villain have felt, could he have imagined her to have addreſſed him in the following terms!—"Behold in the "loathſome carcaſe of this babe the image of thyſelf; "foul, rotten, and corrupt. How could I ſuffer ſo con-"temptible a creature to draw me from the comfortable "protection of my parents? It was juſt indeed that I "ſhould fall a victim to my folly: but was this diſeaſed "infant quickened only to proclaim my diſhonour and "thy infamy? Why hadſt thou yet the power left to "propagate miſery even to the innocent?"

Tom had often ſignalized himſelf as a duelliſt: his conſcience, as we have already mentioned, upbraided him at his dying moments with the murder of a particular friend.

friend. He had once ill luck at cards; and being irritated with his loſſes, and ſuſpecting foul play on the part of his antagoniſt, he took him by the noſe, which conſequently produced a challenge. He is haſtening to the field of battle: but he fancies himſelf followed by the *manes* of his friend, whom on the ſame unhallowed ground he had lately ſacrificed to that idol Honour. He hears him call "——Turn, madman, turn, and look on "me. You may remember with what reluctance I met "you—You forced me to the combat—and I was even "pleaſed, that the victory was yours. You deprived me "of life in an idle quarrel about a creature, whom, at "your return from the murder of your friend, you de-"tected in the arms of another. It was honour that in-"duced you to wound the boſom of one you loved: the "ſame honour now calls you to give a fellow, whom you "deſpiſe, an opportunity to retaliate the injury done to "me. What folly is it to put your life into the hands of "a ſcoundrel, who you ſuſpect has already robbed you of "your fortune? But go on, and let your death rid the "world of a monſter, who is deſperate enough to put his "own life on the hazard, and wicked enough to attempt "that of another." It happened, however, that Tom had no occaſion for ſuch a monitor, as the perſon whom he went to meet proved as great a coward, as he was a cheat; and our hero, after waiting a full hour in his pumps, and parrying with the air, had no other revenge for the loſs of his money, than the ſatisfaction of poſting him for a ſcoundrel.

Though the hero of our ſtory was cut off in the prime of his life, yet he may be ſaid, like Neſtor, to have outlived three generations. All the young fellows of ſpirit were proud to be enrolled in the liſt of his companions; but as their conſtitutions were more puny than his, three ſets of them had dropt into the grave, and left him at the head of the fourth. He would often boaſt of the many promiſing geniuſes, who had fallen in the vain attempt of keeping pace with him in the various ſcenes of debauchery. In this light we may conſider him as an acceſſary to ſo many wanton murders. By the operation of his conſcience,

conſcience, at every tavern door he might have met with an acquaintance to bar his paſſage; and in the midſt of his jollity, like Macbeth, he might have daſhed down his glaſs, and imagined that he ſaw a departed friend filling the vacant chair.

From the nature of the facts, which have already been recorded of Tom Dare-Devil, the reader will eaſily conclude, that he muſt have been an Atheiſt. No creature, who believed in a Supreme Being, could have acted ſo vilely towards his fellow-creatures. Tom was preſident of an abominable club, who met together every Sunday night to utter the moſt horrid blaſphemies. The members of this moſt ſcandalous ſociety muſt have heard of the manner of their great tutor's death. Let us imagine therefore, that they could figure to themſelves his ghoſt appearing to them, warning them of their errors, and exhorting them to repent. They might conceive him ſetting forth, in the moſt pathetic manner, the conſequences of their folly, and declaring to them, how convinced he now was of the certainty of thoſe doctrines, which they daily ridiculed. Such an apparition would, indeed, have an effect upon common ſinners: but in all probability a thorough-paced infidel would not be reclaimed, even "though one roſe from the dead."

What I have here ſuppoſed might have been the caſe of one particular reprobate, is in the power of every perſon to put in practice for himſelf. Nothing is a ſurer inſtance of the goodneſs of the Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on every reaſonable creature. This internal ſenſe, if duly attended to, and diligently cheriſhed and kept alive, would check the ſinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An ancient is commended for wiſhing, "that he had a window in his breaſt, that every one "might ſee into it:" But it is certainly of more conſequence to keep ourſelves free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinions of others. We ſhould therefore conſider conſcience as a mirrour, in which every one may ſee himſelf reflected, and in which every action is repreſented in its proper colours.

O.

No. XXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1754.

Gaudent ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur. HOR.

From ſelf each ſcribbler adoration draws,
And gathers incenſe from his own applauſe.

THAT there is a vanity inherent in every author muſt be confeſſed, whatever pains they may take to conceal it from the reſt of mankind. For my own part, I readily acknowledge, that I am always wonderfully delighted with my own productions. I ſnatch up the favourite ſheets wet from the preſs, and devour every ſyllable; not the leaſt particle eſcapes my notice; and I dwell with admiration on the beauties of an expreſſive *and* or emphatical *the*. If every reader was to pay the ſame attention to my works, or peruſe them with half the ſatisfaction, Mr. Town might be fairly pronounced the greateſt author of the age. But I am afraid I ſhall ſcarce find another, who will ſo heartily join in the good opinion I have conceived of myſelf; and many a choice ſentiment, many a culled expreſſion, which I have repeated to myſelf over and over again with extaſy, has by others perhaps been as haſtily hurried over, as any common article in a news-paper.

An author, who is ever big with the idea of his own importance, will gather matter for ſelf-flattery from the moſt trivial circumſtances. On the mornings of publication I have ſometimes made it my buſineſs to go round the coffee-houſes, in order to receive whatever incenſe of praiſe I could collect from the approbation of my readers. My heart you may imagine has bounded with joy, when I have heard the room echo with calling for the Connoiſſeur: but how has it ſunk again, when I have found the ſame tokens of eſteem ſhewn to a brother writer! I could have hugged any honeſt fellow, that has chuckled over my performances, and pointed out my good things: but I have been no leſs chagrined, when I have ſeen a cox-

coxcomb coolly take up my paper, ſquint over the firſt page, and throw it down again with all the indifference imaginable: though, indeed, I have never failed within myſelf to pronounce of ſuch a perſon, that he is dull, ignorant and illiterate. I once happened to be ſeated in the next box to two noted critics, who were looking over the file of my papers, and ſeemed particularly pleaſed with ſeveral parts of them. I immediately conceived a very high opinion of their taſte and judgment: I remarked with ſingular ſatisfaction the effect, which my wit and humour had on their countenances; and as they turned over the pages, I imagined I could point out the very paſſages, which provoked them frequently to ſmile, and ſometimes to burſt into a loud laugh. As ſoon as they were gone, I ſeized the file; when lo! to my great mortification, I found they had been reading, not my own admirable works, but the lucubrations of a brother eſſayiſt.

My vanity has often prompted me to wiſh, that I could accompany my papers, whereſoever they are circulated. I flatter myſelf I ſhould then be introduced to the politeſt men of quality, and admitted into the cloſets of our fineſt ladies. This conſideration would doubtleſs make me vain of myſelf: but my pride would be ſoon checked by reflecting further, that were I obliged to follow my papers afterwards through all their travels and mutations, I ſhould certainly undergo the ſhame of ſeeing many of them proſtituted to the vileſt purpoſes. If in one place I might be pleaſed to find them the entertainment of the tea-table, in another I ſhould be no leſs vexed to ſee them degraded to the baſe office of ſticking up candles. Such is the fatality attending theſe looſe ſheets, that though at their firſt publication they may be thought as precious as the Sibyl's leaves, the next moment they may be thrown aſide as no better than a laſt year's almanack.

Ever ſince my firſt appearance in a ſheet and half, I have felt great uneaſineſs on account of the rude treatment which my works have been ſubject to in their preſent form. I turned off my printer for a very heinous affront offered

offered to my delicacy, having detected ſome foul proofs of my firſt numbers lodged in a very unſeemly place; and I almoſt came to an open rupture with my publiſher, becauſe his wife had converted a ſupernumerary half-ſheet into a thread-paper. A lady, whoſe ſenſe and beauty I had always admired, forfeited my eſteem at once, by cutting out a pattern for a cap from one of my papers; and a young fellow, who had ſpoken very handſomely of one of my eſſays, entirely loſt the good opinion I had conceived of him, by defiling the blank margin with a filthy liſt of foul ſhirts and dirty ſtockings. The repeated abuſes of illiterate bakers, paſtry-cooks, and chandlers, I know I am condemned to ſuffer in common with other mortal writers. It was ever their privilege to prey indiſcriminately on all authors good or bad: and as politicians, wits, free-thinkers, and divines, may have their duſt mingled in the ſame piece of ground, ſo may their works be jumbled together in the lining of the ſame trunk or band box.

One inſtance may indeed be brought, in which I am uſed to hail as a lucky omen the damages that my papers appear to have ſuſtained in their outward form and complexion. With what raptures have I traced the progreſs of my fame, while I have contemplated my numbers in the public coffee-houſes ſtrung upon a file, and ſwelling gradually into a little volume! By the appearance which they make, when thus collected, I have often judged of the reception they have ſingly met with from their readers: I have conſidered every ſpeck of dirt as a mark of reputation, and have aſſumed to myſelf applauſe from the ſpilling of coffee, or the print of a greaſy thumb. In a word, I look upon each paper, when torn, and ſullied by frequent handling, as an old ſoldier battered in the ſervice, and covered with honourable ſcars.

I was led into this train of thought by an accident which happened to me the other evening, as I was walking in ſome fields near the town. As I went along, my curioſity tempted me to examine the materials, of which ſeveral paper kites were made up; from whence I had ſufficien

ſufficient room to moralize on the ill fate of authors. On one I diſcovered ſeveral pages of a ſermon expanded over the ſurface; on another the wings fluttered with love-ſongs; and a ſatire on the miniſtry furniſhed another with his ballaſt for the tail. I at length happened to caſt my eye on one taller than the reſt, and beheld ſeveral of my own darling productions paſted over it. My indignation was preſently raiſed, that I ſhould become the play-thing of children; and I was even aſhamed, that the great name of Town, which ſtared me full in the front, ſhould be expoſed, like the compoſitions of Dr. Rock on the wall, to every idle gazer. However, by a curious turn of thought, I converted what at firſt ſeemed a diſgrace into a compliment to my vanity. As the kite roſe into the air, I drew a flattering parallel between the height of it's flight, and the ſoaring of my own reputation: I imagined myſelf lifted up on the wings of fame, and like Horace's ſwan towering above mortality: I fancied myſelf borne like a blazing ſtar among the clouds, to the admiration of the gazing multitude.

——————— Via eſt, quâ me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

And up he riſes like a vapour;
Supported high on wings of paper,
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all Grub-ſtreet rings. SWIFT.

While I was indulging this fantaſtic contemplation of my own excellence, I never conſidered by how ſlight a thread my chimerical importance was ſupported. The twine broke; and the kite, together with my airy dreams of immortality, dropt to the ground.

T

No. XXX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1754.

Multa viri nequicquam inter ſe vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vaſtos
Dant ſonitus; erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant ſub vulnere malæ.

VIRG.

Thumps following thumps, and blows ſucceeding blows,
Swell the black eye, and cruſh the bleeding noſe:
Beneath the pond'rous fiſt the jaw-bone cracks,
And the cheeks ring with their redoubled thwacks.

AT a time, when peace ſpreads her downy wings over contending nations, and when armies (like the harmleſs militia) are drawn into the field only to be reviewed, all Europe muſt undoubtedly be alarmed to hear of the bloody battle, which has been lately fought in England. It is a juſtice due to poſterity to preſerve a faithful account of this memorable event: I ſhall therefore ſet it down, as I find it recorded in thoſe authentic regiſters of heroic actions the news-papers, without deviating a tittle from the expreſſive terms, in which this extraordinary combat is related.

" Harlſton in Norfolk, July 30. Yeſterday in the af-
" ternoon Slack and Pettit met and fought. At the firſt
" Set-to, Pettit ſeized Slack by the throat, and held him
" up againſt the rails, and GRAIN'D him ſo much as to
" make him extremely black; this continued for half a
" minute, before Slack could break Pettit's hold; after
" which for near ten minutes Pettit kept fighting and
" driving hard at Slack, when at length Slack clos'd
" with his antagoniſt, and gave him a very ſevere fall,
" after that a ſecond and third; but between theſe falls
" Pettit threw Slack twice off the ſtage, and indeed Pet-
" tit ſo much dreaded Slack's falls, that he ran directly
" at his hams and tumbled him down, and by that means
" gave Slack an opportunity of making the falls very ea-
" ſy. When they had been fighting eighteen minutes,
" the odds ran againſt Slack a guinea to a ſhilling;

" whereas

" whereas on firſt ſetting out, it was three or four to one " on his head; but after this time Slack SHORTENED " Pettit ſo, as to diſable him from running and throwing " him down in the manner he had done before, but ob- " liged him to ſtand to cloſe fighting. Slack then clos'd " one of his eyes, and beat him very much about the " face. At twenty minutes Pettit grew weaker, Slack " ſtronger; this was occaſioned by Slack's *ſtrait* way " of fighting. At twenty-two minutes the beſt judges " allowed Slack to have the advantage over Pettit very " conſiderably, as he was then recovering his *wind*, which " was owing to *game:* when they had boxed twenty- " four minutes, Pettit threw Slack again over the rails. " This indeed Slack ſuffered him to do, as by that means " he *fixed a blow under* Pettit's *ribs*, that hurt him much. " Whilſt Slack was again getting upon the ſtage, (it was " not half a minute before he was remounted) Pettit had " ſo much the fear of his antagoniſt before his eyes, that " he walked off without ſo much as civilly taking leave " of the ſpectators, or ſaying any thing to any perſon. " This the Cockers call *roguing* of it; for it is generally " thought, that Pettit ran away full-ſtrong. The whole " time of their fighting was twenty-five minutes; and " this morning the *battle* was given to Slack, who drew " the firſt ten guineas out of the box. Thus ended this " dreadful combat."

Every man, who has the honour of the Britiſh fiſt at heart, muſt look with admiration on the bottom, the wind, the game, of this invincible champion Slack. How muſt they applaud his addreſs in fighting ſtrait; and with what deteſtation muſt they look upon his daſtard antagoniſt, who could ſo ſhamefully rogue it! Captain Godfrey, the ſublime hiſtorian of theſe hardy heroes, would have exclaimed on this occaſion;—" Hail, mighty Slack, " thou pride of the Butchers! Let the ſhambles echo " with thy praiſe, and let marrow-bones and cleavers " proclaim thy glorious triumph. What was that half- " bred bruiſer Milo, who is celebrated by the ancients " for knocking down an ox, to cut out the hide into " thongs for his Ceſtus? Every petty ſlaughterman of " Clare-Market can perform greater feats: but thou

" with reſiſtleſs arm haſt not only knocked down oxen,
" but made the ſturdy race of barbers, coblers, and wa-
" termen fall before thee."

I cannot but lament the cruelty of that law, which has ſhut up our amphitheatres: and I look upon the profeſſors of the noble art of boxing, as a kind of diſbanded army, for whom we have made no proviſion. The mechanics, who at the call of glory left their mean occupations, are now obliged to have recourſe to them again; and coachmen and barbers reſume the whip and the razor, inſtead of giving black eyes and croſs-buttocks. I know a veteran that has often won the whole houſe, who is reduced, like Beliſarius, to ſpread his palm in begging for an half-penny. Some have been forced to exerciſe their art in knocking down paſſengers in dark alleys and corners; while others have learned to open their fiſts and ply their fingers in picking pockets. Buckhorſe, whoſe knuckles had been uſed to indent many a bruiſe, now clenches them only to graſp a link; and Broughton employs the muſcles of his brawny arm in ſqueezing a lemon or drawing a cork. His amphitheatre itſelf is converted into a methodiſt meeting-houſe: and perhaps (as laymen there are admitted into the pulpit) thoſe very fiſts, which ſo lately dealt ſuch hearty bangs upon the ſtage, are now with equal vehemence thumping the cuſhion.

The dextrous uſe of the fiſt is a truly Britiſh exerciſe: and the ſturdy Engliſh have been as much renowned for their Boxing as their Beef; both which are by no means ſuited to the watry ſtomachs and weak ſinews of their enemies the French. To this nutriment and this art is owing that long eſtabliſhed maxim, that one Engliſhman can beat three Frenchmen. A Frenchman, who piddles on a fricaſſee of frogs, can no more encounter with an Engliſhman, who feeds upon Beef, than the frog in the fable could ſwell her little body to the ſize of an ox: and from hence we may conclude, on the principles of philoſophy, that the elaſtic ſpring, which darts from the knuckles of an Engliſhman, falls into the heels of a Frenchman. One of my correſpondents has already remonſtrated againſt the degeneracy of the preſent times in our

ſhameful

ſhameful neglect of that ſupport of our national ſtrength, Old Engliſh Roaſt Beef. Indeed, we can never hope, that any of our modern heroes would attempt to fix a blow under the ribs, when they are afraid of plunging a knife into a ſurloin: and I will venture to propheſy, that when the times come, that ſurloins are no more brought upon the table, we ſhall not be able to produce one Engliſhman, who can knock down an ox.

Our preſent race of ſpindle-ſhanked beaux had rather cloſe with an orange wench at the play-houſe, than engage in a bye-battle at Tottenham-Court. It is therefore no wonder that they ſhould object to this manly practice, for which they are ſo ill fitted. How can we imagine, that they could ſtand againſt the buffets of a bruiſer, when they might almoſt be patted down with the fan of a lady? An attempt was once made by Broughton to bring his ſtudy into vogue, by eſtabliſhing a ſchool for boxing, in which he was himſelf to be the lecturer. He invited the young gentleman of the army, and all other men of ſpirit, to engage under his directions; and promiſed to arm their feeble wriſts with mufflers, ſo that nothing might be apprehended by the ſofteſt head or tendereſt ſkin. A few, indeed, were hardy enough to try a fall with him: but moſt of our young fellows gave up the gauntlet for ſcented gloves; and loathing the mutton fiſts of vulgar carmen and porters, they rather choſe to hang their hands in a ſling, to make them white and delicate as a lady's. I cannot but regret, that this deſign was not generally encouraged, as it might perhaps have aboliſhed almoſt the only uſe, that is at preſent made of the ſword; and men of honour, inſtead of tilting at each other, might have had ſatisfaction in a tight ſet-to behind Montague-Houſe.

The amuſement of boxing, I muſt confeſs, is more immediately calculated for the vulgar, who can have no reliſh for the more refined pleaſures of whiſt and the hazard table. Men of faſhion have found out a more genteel employment for their hands, in ſhuffling a pack of cards and ſhaking the dice: and, indeed, it will appear upon a ſtrict review, that moſt of our faſhionable diverſions are

nothing elſe but different branches of gaming. What lady would be able to boaſt a rout at her houſe, conſiſting of three or four hundred perſons, if they were not to be drawn together by the charms of playing a rubber? and the prohibition of our jubilee maſquerades is hardly to be regretted, as they wanted the moſt eſſential part of their entertainments, the E O table. To this polite ſpirit of gaming, which has diffuſed itſelf through all the faſhionable world, is owing the vaſt encouragement that is given to the Turf; and horſe-races are eſteemed only as they afford occaſion for making a bet. The ſame ſpirit likewiſe draws the knowing ones together in a Cock-pit; and cocks are reſcued from the dunghill, and armed with gaffles, to furniſh a new ſpecies of gaming. For this reaſon, among others, I cannot but regret the loſs of our elegant amuſements in Oxford Road and Tottenham Court. A great part of the ſpectators uſed to be deeply intereſted in what was doing on the ſtage, and were as earneſt to make an advantage of the iſſue of the battle, as the champions themſelves to draw the largeſt ſum from the box. The amphitheatre was at once a ſchool for boxing and gaming. Many thouſands have depended upon a match; the odds have often riſen at a black eye; a large bet has been occaſioned by a croſs-buttock: and while the houſe has reſounded with the luſty bangs of the combatants, it has at the ſame time echoed with the cries of five to one, ſix to one, ten to one.

The loſs of this branch of gaming is a public calamity: and I doubt not but the gentleman at White's, and all others whom it concerns, will uſe their utmoſt endeavours to reſtore it. The many plates given all over the kingdom have undoubtedly improved our breed of horſes; and if the diverſion of boxing was to meet with equal encouragement, we ſhould certainly have a more ſtout and hardy race of bruiſers. It might perhaps become a faſhion for gentlemen, who were fond of the ſport, to keep champions in training, put them in ſweats, diet them, and breed up the human ſpecies with the ſame care as they do cocks and horſes. In courſe of time this branch of gaming, like all others, would doubtleſs be reduced to a ſci-

Corbould del. Sansom sculp.

Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row. Nov.r 23. 1793.

ence; and Broughton, in imitation of that great genius Hoyle, might oblige the public with a treatiſe on the fiſt, and calculations for laying the odds at any match of boxing.

T.

No. XXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1754.

Neu, pueri, neu tanta animis aſſueſcite bella.

VIRG.

No more, ye bloods, encounter with each other,
But each fine gentleman embrace his brother.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

YOU muſt have obſerved a paragraph in the news-papers dated from Dublin, which informs us, "the "ſpirit of duelling is now become ſo common, that ſcarce "a day paſſes without one or more being fought in or "near that metropolis." I am very much alarmed, leſt this madneſs ſhould croſs the ſeas: to ſay the truth, I almoſt begin to think it neceſſary, that the frequent importation of Iriſhmen into this kingdom ſhould, for ſome time, be prohibited; and an embargo laid on thoſe ſhips, that are freighted with contraband duelliſts. It is your duty, Mr. Town, at leaſt to do all in your power to prevent the influence, which the conduct of theſe heroic gentleman, who cannot ſuffer their ſwords to ſleep quietly in their ſcabbards, may have on our young fellows: I muſt therefore beg of you to put together a few thoughts on this occaſion, and though the ſubject has been often treated before, I cannot but imagine that there is ſufficient room left for you to expatiate on it. It is uſual among the Biſhops, when they find any particular vice prevail, to ſend orders to the clergy of their reſpective dioceſes to preach againſt it. In like manner it is your duty, as Cenſor-General, to attack the reigning follies: and it is ſurely as eaſy for you to throw them into a new light, as

it

it is for the clergy to preach different ſermons on the ſame text.

You will indoubtedly agree with me, that gaming is one of the principal cauſes of duels, and that many a young fellow has owed his death to cards and dice. As the gaming-houſes are often filled with rogues in lace, and ſharpers in embroidery, an honeſt but raſh adventurer often loſes his temper with his money, and begins to ſuſpect that the cards are packed, or the dice loaded; and then very wiſely riſks his life, becauſe he finds it impoſſible to recover his caſh. Upon this account I am never witneſs to deep play, but it raiſes very ſerious reflections in me. When I have ſeen a young nobleman offer a large ſtake, I have conſidered him as ſetting his life upon a card, or (like King Richard) "laying it upon a caſt, and ſtanding the hazard of the die." I have even imagined, that I heard bulletts rattle in the dice-box, and that I ſaw the challenges written upon every card on the table.

The ladies alſo are frequently the cauſe of duels; though it muſt be owned, in juſtice to the better part of the ſex, that where one is fought on account of a modeſt woman, ten are occaſioned by proſtitutes. The ſtout knights-errant, who entertain a paſſion for the faithleſs Dulcineas of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, find frequent opportunities of manifeſting their proweſs. They not only encounter with bullies and bravoes, but ſometimes meet with other enamoratos as fond and as mad as themſelves. I am perſonally acquainted with two gentlemen of this turn, who held out piſtols at each other acroſs a bed at one of theſe lady's lodgings, and toſſed up which ſhould fire firſt. The piſtol however luckily miſſed fire, and gave them time to think better of it: ſo they very amicably ſhook hands, laid down their piſtols, and went to bed to the lady together. Theſe females are not content, it ſeems, with the conqueſts commonly made by the fair, but often paſs a more cruel ſentence on their captives. Their lovers not only ſuffer thoſe metaphorical deaths, which all their tribe muſt endure, but are often really killed in ſerious truth and ſober ſadneſs. They are not only ſhot through the heart by an accidental glance

glance of the eyes, but often have a brace of balls lodged in their heads: and are not only "ſtabbed through the "liver (as Mercutio has it) by the blind bow-boy's butt-ſhaft," but they may perhaps be engaged in a duel with a rival, in which they are run through the body.

A foreign Count was once challenged by one of theſe hot-headed gentleman; and I ſhall conclude my letter by recommending his method to our modern duelliſts. The place of battle appointed was the count's houſe; and when the furious challenger came in, breathing nothing but revenge, he was ſurpriſed to find the count ſitting very compoſedly with a candle and a barrel at his ſide. "This, "Sir, ſaid the count, is a barrel of gunpowder; and if "you pleaſe, we will take our chance, who ſhall ſet fire "to it, you or I." The gentleman, amazed at ſo extraordinary a propoſal, made no anſwer; upon which the count lighted a match, and waving it over the mouth of the barrel, cried out, "Get out of the room, Sir, or I "will ſet fire to the powder this inſtant." This abated our challenger's wrath ſo conſiderably, that the count was rid of him in a moment, and he was glad to leave the room without any ſatisfaction.——I ſhall expect ſomething from you on this ſubject, and am,

Sir, your humble ſervant,

EPHRAIM MAKEPEACE.

I ſhall not refuſe, in compliance with the requeſt of my correſpondent, to give my animadverſions on this ſubject; but as I am not inclined to meaſure ſwords on this occaſion with any of my predeceſſors or contemporaries, I ſhall take a different courſe, and appear in the cauſe as an advocate for duelling. The vices and follies of the faſhionable world are ſo connected with each other, that they almoſt form a regular ſyſtem; and the practice of them all is abſolutely neceſſary to complete the character of a fine gentleman. A fine gentleman (in the modern ſenſe of the word) is one that whores, games, and wears a ſword. Running after looſe women is, indeed, in ſome meaſure common to this exalted part of mankind with the vulgar: but to live in bagnios, to be kept in repair by Rock or

Ward

Ward by the quarter, to be in a continual courſe of pill and electuary, and to make a buſineſs of fornication, is the peculiar privilege of a fine gentleman. Gaming is alſo an eſſential requiſite to this character, and is indeed capable of itſelf to create a perſon a gentleman, who has no other pretenſions to that title. The greateſt ſcoundrels, provided they were gameſters, have always been permitted to aſſociate with people of faſhion; and perhaps they hold their title to the beſt company by the ſame tenure, that the knaves keep their rank among the honours in a pack of cards. But the grand diſtinguiſhing mark of a fine gentleman is the wearing a ſword. Gentility diſplays itſelf in a well-fancied ſword-knot, and honour lies ſheathed in the ſcabbard. All who bear arms have a claim to this character: even our common ſoldiers (like the knights of old) are dubbed gentleman on the ſhoulder; with this only difference, that inſtead of the ſword, the ceremony is performed by a brown muſket.

Upon theſe and many other weighty conſiderations, I have reſolved not to diſturb the tranquillity of the polite world, by railing at their darling vices. A Cenſor may endeavour to new-cock an hat, to raiſe the ſtays, or write down the ſhort petticoat, at his pleaſure. Perſons of quality will vary faſhions of themſelves, but will always adhere ſteadily to their vices. I have beſides received ſeveral letters from ſurgeons and younger brothers, deſiring me to promote as far as lays in my power the modern way of life, and eſpecially the practice of duelling. The former open their caſe in the moſt pathetic terms, and aſſure me that if it was not for duels, and the amorous rencounters of fine gentlemen with the other ſex, their profeſſion would ſcarce ſupport them. As to the young gentlemen, they inveigh bitterly againſt the unequal diſtribution of property by the laws of England, and offer me very conſiderable bribes, if I will eſpouſe the cauſe of duels and debauchery; without which they ſcarce have any tolerable chance of coming in for the family eſtate.

Swift ſomewhere obſerves, that theſe differences very rarely happen among men of ſenſe, and he does not ſee any great harm, if two worthleſs fellows ſend each other

out

out of the world. I ſhall therefore humbly propoſe, the more effectually to keep up this ſpirit, that duels may be included in the licence-act among our other public diverſions, with a reſtaining clauſe, taking away all power from the juſtices to prohibit theſe entertainments. I would alſo propoſe, for the better accomodation of the public, that ſcaffolds be erected behind Montague Houſe, or in any other convenient place, as there are now at Tyburn; and that, whenever any two gentlemen quarrel, they ſhall inſert their challenges in the daily papers, after the following manner, in imitation of the late champions at Broughton's amphitheatre.

I John Mac-Duel, having been affronted by Richard Flaſh, hereby challenge him to meet me behind Montague Houſe on the day of to go through all the exerciſe of the ſmall ſword; to advance, retire, parry and thruſt in Carte, Tierce, and Segoon, and to take my life, or loſe his own.

JOHN MAC-DUEL.

I Richard Flaſh, who have ſpitted many ſuch daſtardly fellows on my ſword like larks, promiſe to meet John Mac-Duel, and doubt not, by running him through the body, to give him gentleman-like ſatisfaction.

RICHARD FLASH.

By this ſcheme, the public would have an opportunity of being preſent at theſe faſhionable amuſements, and might revive that loſt ſpecies of gaming (ſo much lamented in our laſt paper) by laying bets on the iſſue of the combat.

It ſhould alſo be provided, that if either or both are killed, the body or bodies be delivered to the ſurgeons to be anatomized, and placed in their hall; unleſs the younger brother or next heir ſhall give them an equivalent.

It ſhould alſo be provided by the abovementioned act, that no perſon be qualified to fight a duel, who is not worth 500l. per ann. For as it is unſportſman-like to admit dunghill cocks into the pit, ſo it would render this ineſtimable privilege leſs valuable, if every mean wretch had

had a right of being run through the body, who could do the public no ſervice by his death.

T

No. XXXII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1754.

Emunctæ naris.—— Hor.

A plain blunt fellow, who, like ſcented beaux,
With vile pulvilio ne'er begrim'd his noſe.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

I KNOW not whether you yourſelf are addicted to a filthy practice, which is frequent among all ranks of people, though deteſtable even among the loweſt. The practice I mean is that of ſnuff-taking; which I cannot help regarding as a national plague, that, like another epidemical diſtemper, has taken hold of our noſes. You authors may perhaps claim it as a privilege, ſince ſnuff is ſuppoſed by you to whet the invention, and every one is not poſſeſſed of Bayes's admirable receipt, the "ſpirit of "brains:"—but give me leave to tell you, that ſnuff ſhould no more be adminiſtered in public, than that of Major's medicinal compoſition at four-pence a pinch, or any other doſe of phyſic. I know not why people ſhould be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance by ſmearing their noſes with a dirty powder, any more than in uſing an eye-water, or rubbing their teeth with a dentrifice.

If a ſtranger to this naſty cuſtom was to obſerve almoſt every one "drawing out his pouncet-box, and ever "and anon giving it to his noſe," he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a nation of Hottentots; and that every one was obliged to cram his noſtrils with a quantity of ſcented dirt, to fence them from the diſagreeable effluvia of the reſt of the company. Indeed, it might not be abſurd in ſuch a ſtranger to imagine, that the perſon he converſed with took ſnuff, for the

the ſame reaſon that another might preſs his noſtrils together between his finger and thumb, to exclude an ill ſmell.

It is cuſtomary among thoſe polite people the Dutch, to carry with them every where their ſhort dingy pipes, and ſmoke and ſpit about a room even in the preſence of ladies. This piece of good-breeding, however ridiculous it may ſeem, is ſurely not more offenſive to good manners than the practice of ſnuff-taking. A very Dutchman would think it odd, that a people, who pretend to politeneſs, ſhould be continually ſnuffing up a parcel of tobacco-duſt; nor can I help laughing, when I ſee a man every minute ſtealing out a dirty muckender, then ſneaking it in again, as much aſhamed of his pocket-companion, as he would be to carry a diſhclout about him.

It is, indeed, impoſſible to go into any large company without being diſturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the playhouſe continually echoe with this muſic of the noſe, and in every corner you may hear them in concert ſnuffling, ſneezing, hawking, and grunting like a drove of hogs. The moſt pathetic ſpeech in a tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noſes in the front and ſide-boxes; and I have known a whole congregation ſuddenly raiſed from their knees in the middle of a prayer by the violent coughing of an old lady, who has been almoſt choaked by a pinch of ſnuff in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated actor has ſpoiled his voice by this abſurd treatment of his noſe, which has made his articulation as dull and drowſy as the hum of a bag-pipe; and the parſon of our pariſh is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to ſnort behind his white handkerchief.

Is it not a wonder, Mr. Town, that ſnuff, which is certainly an enemy to dreſs, ſhould yet gain admittance among thoſe, who have no other merit than their cloaths? I am not to be told, that your men of faſhion take ſnuff only to diſplay a white hand perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond ring: and I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled themſelves with the uſe of

ſnuff, had they not been ſeduced by the charms of a faſhionable box. The man of taſte takes his *Straſburg, veritable tabac* from a right Paris paper-box; and the pretty-fellow uſes an enamelled box lined in the inſide with poliſhed metal, that by often opening it, he may have the opportunity of ſtealing a glance at his own ſweet perſon, reflected in the lid of it.

Though I abhor ſnuff-taking myſelf, and would as ſoon be ſmothered in a cloud raiſed by ſmoking tobacco, as I would willingly ſuffer the leaſt atom of it to tickle my noſe, yet am I expoſed to many diſguſting inconveniencies from the uſe of it by others. Sometimes I am choaked by drawing in with my breath ſome of the fineſt particles together with the air; and I am frequently ſet a ſneezing by the odorous effluvia ariſing from the boxes that ſurround me. But it is not only my ſenſe of ſmelling that is offended: you will ſtare when I tell you, that I am forced to taſte, and even to eat and drink this abominable ſnuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what eſcapes from her fingers ſwimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulneſs of the milk or droſs of the ſugar. I never dine at a particular friend's houſe, but I am ſure to have as much rappee as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table-beer out of the ſame mug with him, for fear of coughing from his ſnuff, if not the liquor, going the wrong way. Such eternal ſnuff-takers as my friend, ſhould, I think, at meal-times, have a ſcreen flapping down over the noſe and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have ſeen at the maſquerade: or at leaſt they ſhould be ſeparated from the reſt of the company, and placed by themſelves at the ſide-table, like the children.

This practice of ſnuff-taking, however inexcuſable in the men, is ſtill more abominable in the other ſex. Neatneſs and cleanlineſs ought to be always cultivated among the women; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who ſo induſtriouſly bedaubs herſelf with ſnuff? I have with pain obſerved the ſnow-white ſurface of an

handkerchief or apron ſullied with the ſcatterings from the ſnuff-box; and whenever I ſee a lady thus beſmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I conſider her as no cleanlier than the kitchen-wench ſcouring her braſſes, and begrimed with brickduſt and fuller's earth. Houſewifely accompliſhments are at preſent ſeldom required in a well-bred woman: or elſe I ſhould little expect to find a wife in the leaſt notable, who keeps up ſuch a conſtant correſpondence between her fingers and noſe; nor, indeed would any one think her hands at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

It ſhould be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, Mr. Town, that ſnuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is ſure to take a tinge from it: they ſhould therefore be as cautious of acquiring a ſallow hue from this bane of a fair ſkin, as of being tanned or freckled by expoſing their delicate faces to the ſcorching rays of the ſun. Beſides, as the noſe has been always reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they ſhould be as careful to preſerve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not ſuffer it to be undermined or bloated by ſo pernicious an application as ſnuff-taking. For my own part, I ſhould as ſoon admire a celebrated toaſt with no noſe at all, as to ſee it proſtituted to ſo vile a purpoſe. They ſhould alſo conſider, that the noſe is ſituated very near the lips: and what reliſh can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the ſame time he is obliged to come into cloſe contact with the dirt and rubbiſh of the former? Rather than ſnuff-taking ſhould prevail among the ladies, I could wiſh it were the faſhion for them to wear rings in their noſes, like the ſavage nations: nay, I would even carry it ſtill farther, and oblige thoſe pretty females, who could be ſtill ſlaves to ſnuff, to have their noſtrils bored through as well as their ears, and inſtead of jewels, to bear rolls of pigtail bobbing over their upper lips.

We cannot otherwiſe account for this faſhion among the women, ſo unnatural to their ſex, than that they want employment for their hands. It was formerly no diſgrace for a young lady to be ſeen in the beſt company

buſied with her work: but a girl now-a-days would as ſoon be ſurpriſed in twirling a ſpinning-wheel, as in handling a thread-paper. The fan or the ſnuff-box are now the only implements they dare to uſe in public: yet ſurely it would be much more becoming to have the fore-finger pricked and ſcarified with the point of a needle, than to ſee it embrowned with ſqueezing together a filthy pinch of ſnuff.

I am, Sir,

T Your humble ſervant, &c.

No. XXXIII. THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1754.

At tu ſub urbe poſſides famem mundam,
Et turre ab altâ proſpicis meras laurus;
Pictamque portas otioſus ad Villam
Olus, ova, pullos, poma, caſeum, muſtum.
Rus hoc vocari debet, an domus longè? MART.

A little country box you boaſt,
So neat, 'tis cover'd all with duſt;
And nought about it to be ſeen,
Except a nettle-bed, that's green:
Your Villa! rural but the name in,
So deſart, it would breed a famine.
Hither, on Sundays, you repair.
While heaps of viands load the chair,
With poultry brought from Leaden-Hall,
And cabbage from the huckſter's ſtall.
'Tis not the country, you muſt own;
'Tis only London out of town.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

I REMEMBER to have ſeen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excurſion into the country. He imagines himſelf about to undertake a long voyage to ſome ſtrange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city, as the moſt diſtant nations. He accordingly takes

takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is ſet on ſhore, he is amazed to find the people talk the ſame language, wear the ſame dreſs, and uſe the ſame cuſtoms with himſelf. He, who had ſpent all his life within the ſight of Pont-Neuf, looked upon every one who lived out of Paris, as a foreigner; and though the utmoſt extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much ſurpriſed, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the *Terra Incognita*.

Moſt of our late novels are, with ſome little variation of circumſtances, borrowed from the French: but if we ſhould endeavour to adapt the novel I have been ſpeaking of to a citizen of London, the humour of the whole piece would evaporate, and the fiction become unnatural and improbable. A London tradeſman is as well acquainted with Turnham-Green or Kentiſh-Town, as Fleet-ſtreet or Cheapſide, and talks as familiary of Richmond or Hampton-Court as of the 'Change or the Cuſtom-Houſe. In your late paper, on the amuſements of Sunday, you have ſet forth in what manner our citizens paſs that day, which moſt of them devote to the country: but I wiſh you had been more particular in your deſcriptions of thoſe elegant rural manſions, which at once ſhew the opulence and the taſte of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

In theſe duſty retreats, where the want of London ſmoke is ſupplied by the ſmoke of Virginia tobacco, our chief citizens are accuſtomed to paſs the end and the beginning of every week. Their boxes, (as they are modeſtly called,) are generally built in a row, to reſemble as much as poſſible the ſtreets in London. Thoſe edifices which ſtand ſingle, and at a diſtance from the road, have always a ſummer-houſe at the end of a ſmall garden; which being erected upon a wall adjoining to the highway, commands a view of every carriage, and gives the owner an opportunity of diſplaying his beſt wig to every one that paſſes by. A little artificial fountain, ſpouting water ſometimes to the amazing height of four

feet, and in which frogs ſupply the want of fiſhes, is one of the moſt exquiſite ornaments in theſe gardens. There are beſides (if the ſpot of ground allows ſufficient ſpace for them) very curious ſtatues of Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine, which ſerve to remind their wives and daughters of what they have ſeen at the play houſe.

I went laſt Sunday, in compliance with a moſt preſſing invitation from a friend, to ſpend the whole day with him at one of theſe little ſeats, which he had fitted up for his retirement once a week from buſineſs. It is pleaſantly ſituated about three miles from London, on the ſide of a public road, from which it is ſeparated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge conſiſting of two narrow planks, leading to the houſe. The hedge on the other ſide the road cuts off all proſpect whatſoever, except from the garrets, from whence indeed you have a beautiful viſta of two men hanging in chains on Kennington common, with a diſtant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of ſmoke. I ſet out on my viſit betimes in the morning, accompanied by my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide, and carried over with him the London Evening Poſt, his miſtreſs's hoop, and a dozen of pipes, which they were afraid to truſt in the chair. When I came to the end of my walk, I found my friend ſitting at the door, in a black velvet cap, ſmoking his morning pipe. He welcomed me into the country; and after having made me obſerve the turnpike on my left and the Golden Wheatſheaf on my right, he conducted me into his houſe, where I was received by his lady, who made a thouſand apologies for being catched in ſuch a deſhabille.

The hall (for ſo I was taught to call it) had it's white wall almoſt hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one ſide was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Manſion-Houſe, with ſeveral leſſer views of the public buildings and halls; on the other was the Death of the Stag, by the happy pencil of Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured: cloſe by the parlour door, there hung a pair of ſtag's horns, over which

which there was laid acroſs a red roccelo and an amber-headed cane. When I had declared all this to be mighty pretty, I was ſhewn into the parlour, and was preſently aſked, who that was over the chimney piece. I pronounced it to be a very ſtriking likeneſs of my friend, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed perriwig, a laced cravat, with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a black livery-gown, a ſnuff-coloured velvet-coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waiſt-coat trimed with gold, one hand ſtuck in the boſom of his ſhirt, and the other holding out a letter with the ſuperſcription—To Mr. —— Common-Council-Man of Farringdon Ward Without. My eyes were then directed to another figure in a ſcarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been ſheriff and knighted in the reign of king James the Firſt. Madam herſelf filled up a pannel on the oppoſite ſide, in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs, ſmelling to a noſegay, and ſtroaking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to ſee what he was pleaſed to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each ſide with lillies and cox-combs, ſupported by ſome old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he made me take notice of a little ſquare building ſurrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taſte had turned into a temple, by erecting ſome battlements and ſpires of painted wood on the front of it; but concluded with an hint, that I might retire to it upon occaſion.

After dinner, when my friend had finiſhed his pipe, he propoſed taking a walk, that we might enjoy a little of the country: ſo I was obliged to trudge along the foot path by the road-ſide, while my friend went puffing and blowing, with his hat in his hand, and his wig half off his head. At laſt I told him it was time for me to return home, when he inſiſted on going with me as far as the half-way houſe, to drink a decanter of Stingo before we parted. We here fell into company with a brother liveryman

ryman of the ſame ward, and I left them both together in an high diſpute about Canning; but not before my friend had made me promiſe to repeat my viſit to his country-houſe the next Sunday.

As the riches of a country are viſible in the number of it's inhabitants and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to ſay, that the preſent ſtate of England is very flouriſhing and proſperous: and if the taſte for building encreaſes with our opulence for the next century, we ſhall be able to boaſt of finer country-ſeats belonging to our ſhop-keepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the moſt pompous deſcriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-ſeats belonging to Pliny, Hortenſius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their Villas. But who has ever read of a Chineſe-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler or a Roman paſtry-cook? Or could any of their ſhoemakers or taylors boaſt a Villa with it's tin caſcades, paper ſtatues, and Gothic root-houſes? Upon the above principles we may expect, that poſterity will perhaps ſee a cheeſemonger's Apiarium at Brentford, a poulterer's Theriotrophium at Chiſwick, and an Ornithon in a fiſhmonger's garden at Putney.

As a patriot and an Engliſhman I cannot but wiſh, that each ſucceſſive century ſhould encreaſe the opulence of Great Britain: but I ſhould be ſorry, that this abundance of wealth ſhould induce our good citizens to turn their thoughts too much upon the country. At preſent we are deprived of our moſt eminent tradeſmen two days out of ſix. It is true, the ſhopkeeper and the travelling part of his family, conſiſting generally of himſelf, his wife, and his two eldeſt daughters, are ſeldom ſufficiently equipped to take leave of London, till about three o'clock on Saturday in the afternoon; but the whole morning of that day is conſumed in papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy-punch, ſorting clean ſhifts, and night-caps for the children, pinning baſkets, and cording trunks; as again is the whole afternoon of the Monday following in unpinning, uncording, locking up foul linnen, and replacing empty

empty bottles in the cellar. I am afraid therefore, if the Villas of our future tradeſmen ſhould become ſo very elegant, that the ſhop-keepers will ſcarce ever be viſible behind their counters above once in a month.

Yours, &c.

G. K.

No. XXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1754.

——Reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius egit. HOR.

Whene'er he bellows, who but ſmiles at Quin,
And laughs when Garrick ſkips like Harlequin?

THE French have diſtinguiſhed the artifices made uſe of on the ſtage to deceive the audience, by the expreſſion of *Jeu de Théâtre*, which we may tranſlate "The "Juggle of the Theatre." When theſe little arts are exerciſed merely to aſſiſt nature, and ſet her off to the beſt advantage, none can be ſo critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by theſe means is lifted into rant, and comedy diſtorted into buffoonry, though the deceit may ſucceed with the multitude, men of ſenſe will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, reſembles in ſome ſort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon ſtilts, and expreſſed the manners of their characters by the groteſque figures of their maſks.

As the play-houſes are now opened, I cannot better introduce the remarks which I may ſometimes take occaſion to make on the theatrical world, than by throwing together a few reflections on this "Juggle of the "Theatre;" which at preſent I ſhall conſider chiefly as it relates to actors. And I hope to merit the thanks of thoſe gentlemen, who while they are ſollicitous to acquire new beauties, ſhould at the ſame time endeavour to unlearn their faults and imperfections.

We

We are indebted to the preſent times for a judicious reformation of the ſtage in point of acting: and (by the bye) I could wiſh, that the ſame good conſequences had been produced with reſpect to our poets. If a perfect tragedy may be conſidered as the moſt difficult production of human wit, the ſame thing muſt hold in proportion with reſpect to an exact repreſentation of it: for if it is neceſſary for the writer to work up his imagination to ſuch a pitch as to fancy himſelf in the circumſtances of the character he draws, what leſs muſt the actor do, who muſt look as the perſon repreſented would look, ſpeak as he would ſpeak, and be in every point the very man? The generation of players, that immediately preceded the preſent, prided themſelves on what they called *fine ſpeaking*: the emotions of the ſoul were diſregarded for a diſtinct delivery; and with them, as Mr. Johnſon has obſerved of ſome tragic writers.

Declamation roar'd, while Paſſion ſlept.

And, indeed, to this unintereſting taſte for acting we may partly attribute that enervate way of writing ſo much in vogue among the Frenchified play-wrights of thoſe times; ſince nothing could be ſo well ſuited to the mouths of thoſe actors, as golden lines, round periods, florid deſcriptions, and a diſpaſſionate amplification of ſentiment.

The falſe majeſty, with which our mimic-heroes of the ſtage had been uſed to expreſs themſelves, was for a long time as diſtinguiſhed a mark of tragedy, as the plumed hat and full-bottomed periwig; and we may remember, for example, when every line in Othello (a character remarkable for variety of paſſions) was drawn out in the ſame pompous manner. But as I mean to promote the art, rather than reprove the artiſts, I ſhall dwell on this no longer: for methinks I hear a veteran performer calling out to me in the voice of honeſt Jack Falſtaff, "No more of that, if thou loveſt me, Hal."

It is ſufficient to remark that, as the dignity of the buſkin

buſkin would be degraded by talking in a ſtrain too low and familiar, the manner of elocution in a tragedy ſhould not, on either hand, be more remote from our natural way of expreſſing ourſelves, than blank verſe (which is the only proper meaſure for tragedy) is from proſe. Our preſent ſet of actors have, in general, diſcarded the dead inſipid pomp applauded in their predeceſſors, and have wiſely endeavoured to join with the poet in exciting pity and terror. But as many writers have miſtaken rant for paſſion, and fuſtian for ſublime, ſo our players have perhaps too much given into unnatural ſtartings, roarings, and whinings. For this reaſon our late writers (to accommodate their pieces to the preſent taſte) having placed their chief pathos in exclamations and broken ſentences, have endeavoured to alarms us with Ahs and Ohs, and pierce our ſouls with interjections. Upon the whole, it muſt be acknowledged, that the ſtage is conſiderably improved in the Art of Speaking. Every paſſion is now diſtinguiſhed by it's proper tone of voice: I ſhall therefore only add, that when I hear a player laborioufly placing an unnatural ſtreſs upon particular words, and panting with emphaſis, I cannot help comparing him to the paviour, who at every thump of his rammer cries hem.

I have obſerved, that the tragedians of the laſt age ſtudied *fine ſpeaking*; in conſequence of which, all their action conſiſted in little more than ſtrutting with one leg before the other, and waving one or both arms in a continual ſee-ſaw. Our preſent actors have perhaps run into a contrary extreme: their geſtures ſometimes reſemble thoſe afflicted with St. Vitus's dance; their whole frame appears to be convulſed; and I have ſeen a player in the laſt act ſo miſerably diſtreſſed, that a deaf ſpectator would be apt to imagine he was complaining of the cholic or the tooth-ach. This has alſo given riſe to that unnatural cuſtom of throwing the body into various ſtrange attitudes. There is not a paſſion neceſſary to be expreſſed, but has produced diſpoſitions of the limbs not to be found in any of the paintings or ſculptures of the beſt maſters. A graceful geſture and eaſy deportment

is,

is, indeed, worthy the care of every performer: but when I obſerve him writhing his body into more unnatural contortions than a tumbler at Sadler's Wells, I cannot help being diſguſted to ſee him "imitate humanity "ſo abominably." Our pantomime authors have already begun to reduce our comedies into groteſque ſcenes; and if this taſte for attitude ſhould continue to be popular, I would recommend it to thoſe ingenious gentlemen, to adapt our beſt tragedies to the ſame uſe, and entertain us with the like jealouſy of Othello in dumb ſhew, or the tricks of Harlequin Hamlet.

Before I diſmiſs this article, it may be expected that I ſhould ſay ſomething concerning the behaviour proper for our ladies. We muſt allow them on all occaſions to roll the eye, ſtretch up the neck, heave the cheſt, and with a thouſand little tricks ſet off their perſon, if not their part, to the moſt advantage. The pomp of the old ſtage has not yet been altogether reformed, either with reſpect to our heroines or our heroes. A weeping princeſs (though perhaps ſhe is hurried on the ſtage with grief and deſpair) cannot decently make her entrance without being led in between two mourning damſels in black; and an heroine muſt always be accompanied by one or more pages, to ſmooth her train when ruffled by paſſion. The hero now ſeldom ſweats beneath the weight of a nodding plume of ſwan feathers, or has his face half hid with an enormous buſh of white horſe-hair: I could alſo wiſh (if poſſible) that the manager was ſaved the unneceſſary expence of three yards of velvet for the trains of his Amazons; and that the chambermaids (as well as the militia of the theatres) were diſmiſſed, and the pages, together with the dirty lords in waiting, blotted out of the mute *Dramatis Perſonæ*.

The mention of theſe particulars naturally reminds me, how far the Juggle of the Theatre is concerned in the affair of dreſs. Many will agree with me, that almoſt the only diſtreſs of the laſt act in the Fair Penitent ariſes from the pitiful appearance of Caliſta in weeds, with every thing hung in black bays about her; and the players are afraid we ſhould loſe ſight of Hamlet's pretended madneſs

madneſs, if the black ſtocking, diſcovering a white one underneath, was not rolled half way down the leg. A propriety in dreſs is abſolutely neceſſary to keep up the general deception; and a performer properly habited, who by his whole deportment enters deeply in the circumſtances of the character he repreſents, makes us for a while fancy every thing before us real: but when, by ſome ill-judged piece of art, he departs from the ſimplicity of imitation, and "overſteps the modeſty of nature," he calls us back to the theatre, and excites paſſions very different from thoſe he aims at.

I cannot better illuſtrate what has been ſaid on this laſt ſubject, than by giving inſtances of two artifices of this kind; one of which is employed (as I conceive) to raiſe pity, and the other terror.

When the Romeo of Drury-Lane comes to die at Juliet's monument, we are ſurpriſed to ſee him enter in a ſuit of black. This, I ſuppoſe, is intended as a ſtroke of the pathetic: but not to dwell on the poverty of the artifice, it is in this place a manifeſt violation of the poet's meaning. Romeo is ſuppoſe to come poſt from Mantua——"Get me poſt-horſes, I will hence to-night"—ſo that if our Roſcius muſt be ſo very exact in dreſſing the character, he ſhould appear at the tomb in a riding frock and boots. But a mourning coat will excite *pity*, "and let the devil wear black, (ſays our Hamlet-Ro-"meo), for I'll have a ſuit of ſables."——The ſame player, after having acted that noble ſcene in the ſecond act of Macbeth, in ſo fine a manner, that one would almoſt imagine both the poet and player muſt have been murderers to repreſent one ſo well, goes out to execute the ſuppoſed murder. After a ſhort ſpace he returns as from the fact: but though the expreſſion in his face is ſtill remarkably excellent, one cannot but ſmile to obſerve, that he has been employing himſelf behind the ſcenes in putting his wig awry, and untying one of the tyes to it. This doubtleſs is deſigned to raiſe *terror*; but to every diſcerning ſpectator, it muſt appear moſt abſurdly ridiculous: for who can forbear laughing, when he finds that the player would have us imagine, that the

ſame deed, which has thrown all that horror and confuſion into his countenance, has alſo untwiſted one of the tails of his perriwig?

O.

No. XXXV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1754.

Facundi calices quem non fecere diſertum! Hor.

The fool ſucks wiſdom, as he porter ſups,
And coblers grow fine ſpeakers in their cups.

AS I am wiling to do every thing in my power to celebrate ſo illuſtrious a body as the Robin Hood Society, I have taken the firſt opportunity of laying the following letter before the public.

To Mr. Town.

Sir,

THAT part of your laſt paper, in which you conſidered the Art of Speaking as far as it regards theatrical performances, gives me reaſon to hope, that you will not overlook the merits of the Robin Hood Society, where that art is practiſed in it's greateſt perfection. You would do well to recommend it to the gentlemen of the theatre to attend thoſe weekly meetings for their improvement as ſoon as poſſible; and I dare ſay you will join with me in giving the ſame advice to the younger part of our clergy and our lawyers, as well as our members of parliament. The ſtage, the pulpit, the bar, and the ſenate-houſe cannot furniſh us with ſuch glorious examples of the power of oratory, as are to be met with in this ſociety; where the moſt important queſtions in every branch of knowledge are diſcuſſed, and where the diſputants are all of them equally verſed in religion, law, politics, and the drama.

The inſtitution of this ſchool of eloquence far exceeds any thing, that the ancients could boaſt. Every ſect, that was known among the Grecians and Romans, has it's

it's votaries here alſo. I have ſeen a taylor a Stoic, a ſhoemaker a Platoniſt, and a cook an Epicurean. They affect to entertain a profound veneration for Socrates, often preferring him to any of the apoſtles: though, inſtead of declaring with this wiſe philoſopher, that they know nothing, the members of the Robin Hood Society profeſs to know every thing.

For my own part, I confeſs myſelf ſo charmed with their proceedings, that I conſtantly attend them: and when I ſee all their members aſſembled with each his pewter-mug before him, I cannot help preferring this ſocial meeting to any ancient *Sympoſium* whatever; and when I further obſerve them firſt take a ſwig, and then ſpeak with ſuch amazing force of argument, I am apt to conclude that truth, inſtead of being hid in a well, as was ſaid by an old philoſopher, muſt lay at the bottom of a a tankard of porter.

There is no grace or excellence in oratory, but is diſplayed in the Robin Hood Society to the greateſt advantage. Demoſthenes being aſked what was the firſt quality in an orator, replied—action; what the ſecond,—action; what the third,—action. Upon this principle one of the members, for whom I have a vaſt reſpect, is the greateſt orator that ever lived. He never troubles himſelf about the order or ſubſtance of what he delivers, but waves his hand, toſſes his head, abounds in ſeveral new and beautiful geſtures, and from the beginning of his ſpeech to the end of it, takes no care but to ſet it off with action. Tully tells us, that it is the buſineſs of an orator "to prove, delight, and convince." Proof and conviction our Society is always ſure to give us: for elſe how could it ever come to paſs, that ſo many young men ſhould have learned from theſe diſquiſitions, that there is no God, that the ſoul is mortal, that religion is a jeſt, and many other truths, which they would otherwiſe never have diſcovered. The nature of their queſtions is alſo for the moſt part ſo entertaining, that the diſputes about them cannot fail of giving delight and there is a peculiarity in the oratory of the place, which greatly conduces to that end. The ſpeakers do not always think themſelves

ſelves obliged to drive in the dull direct road to the point, but indulge themſelves in a larger ſcope, that allows room for novelty and entertainment. When the queſtion has been concerning the veracity of the bible, I have known a gentleman get up, and beginning with William the Conqueror, give the audience an abſtract of as many reigns, as his five minutes would allow him to diſpatch. I lately remember the queſtion to have been, "Whether "a bridge from Black Friars to Southwark would be of "public benefit;" when a facetious gentleman employed himſelf in demonſtrating the great utility of the bridge of the noſe, and the bridge of a fiddle. In a word, our orators are at once ſerious and comical; and they make gravity and mirth almoſt conſtantly attend each other, like their own Robin Hood and Little John. The ſolidity, and, at the ſame time, the ſmartneſs of their ſpeeches, are equally remarkable. They pun with a grave face, and make quibbles and conundrums with the air of a philoſopher. The writings of different authors have been compared to wines: but the orations delivered here can be reſembled to nothing ſo properly as the liquors of the Society; for while they are at once ſo weighty and ſo ſharp, they ſeem to be an equal mixture of porter and lemonade.

It would be endleſs to enumerate the advantages reſulting from this ſociety: the wonderful improvement it has already made in our mechanics is very evident: it calls off our tradeſmen from the practice of honeſty in their common dealings, and ſets them upon enquiries concerning right and wrong, and the moral fitneſs of things. The Spectator has told us of the rhetoric of a toyman: but you, Mr. Town, might acquaint poſterity of the eloquence of bakers, barbers, carpenters, and blackſmiths: you may every day hear diſcourſes on religion from the ſhopboard, and reſearches into philoſophy from behind the counter. When you took notice of the want of learning in our people of quality, you ought in juſtice to have acknowledged the amazing erudition of our tradeſmen. The plebeians of Rome were mere brutes to our common people; and I am of opinion, that the public room under that

that in which this weekly meeting is held, inſtead of being furniſhed with the buſts of our Engliſh poets, ſhould be adorned with the heads of the learned ſhoemakers, tallow-chandlers, bakers, &c. that conſtitute this excellent ſociety.

We may venture to ſay, that the Royal Society and the Robin Hood are the two greateſt ornaments of this nation: and as the former now and then gives us an account of their tranſactions, it were to be wiſhed, that the fellows of the latter would alſo from time to time oblige us with an hiſtory of their proceedings. We ſhould then ſee by what means ſo many proſelytes have been made from bigotry and ſuperſtition; by what degrees a young diſputant from a raw chriſtian ripens into a deiſt, from a deiſt into a free-thinker, and from a free-thinker, (by a very ſhort ſtep) into an Atheiſt. We ſhould alſo know the effect, that the diſputations at this weekly meeting have upon our lives and converſations; and from thence judge how much a deſign of this nature deſerves public encouragement. I have here flung together a ſhort account of ſome of the former members, and upon a review of it cannot but lament, that it ſeems to be the peculiar fate of great orators, ſuch as Demoſthenes and Tully for example, to come to an unhappy end.

Mat. Prig, a merchant's clerk, was converted from Chriſtianity by the arguments which were brought againſt Revelation.

Aaron Ben-Saddai was converted from the Jewiſh Faith by the arguments brought againſt Moſes and the Patriarchs.

Will. Poſitive was a ſtrong fataliſt, and at the ſame time a vehement advocate for man's free-will. At laſt he gave a proof of his free-agency by ſhooting himſelf through the head.

Jack Wildfire was convinced of the innocence of fornication, uſed to declaim againſt the abſurd inſtitution of matrimony, and at twenty-ſix died a batchelor in Lock Hoſpital.

Solomon Square ſtood up for the religion of nature, and the immutable rule of right and wrong, in preference to the laws of the community. However, he was unfortunately

tunately detected in an attempt to carry off a ſilver tankard from the bar of the houſe, and was ſent to propagate morality in foreign parts.

Bob Booty was a ſtrict Hobbian, and maintained, that men were in a natural ſtate of war with each other. He at leaſt died a martyr to theſe principles, and now hangs on a gibbet on Hounſlow Heath.

John Diſmal, after having argued one night againſt the being of a God, and the immortality of the ſoul, went home, and was found the next morning hanging in his garters.

Thomas Broadcloth, citizen and mercer, was very much admired for his ſpeeches upon trade. After he had been in buſineſs for two years, he became bankrupt, and was indicted for felony in ſecreting his effects.

Richard Gooſequill, attorney at law, was remarkable for his patriotiſm and the love of his country. He was convicted of bribery and corruption in a late election, in which he was employed as an agent.

Jeremy Criſpin, cordwainer, uſed conſtantly to attend the club for edification, though he was forced from time to time to pawn his own and his wife's cloaths to raiſe the weekly ſix-pence for his admittance. In the ſpace of three years he had been a Papiſt, Quaker, an Anabaptiſt, a Jew, an Arian, a Socinian, a Mahometan, a Methodiſt, a Deiſt, and an Atheiſt. His wife and four children have been ſent to the workhouſe. He is at preſent confined in Bedlam, and calls himſelf the Preſident of the Robin Hood Society.

I am, Sir,

O. Your humble ſervant, &c.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.